JUKE

The Music Magazine

AUGUST 14, 1982 ISSUE No. 381 90 CENTS

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Duran Duran

BACK IN A PUFF

(But Will The Magic Be There?)

DURAN DURAN
Case Rio-pened

BANANARAMA
Fun Girls Three

WILDLIFE DOCUMENTARIES
Animal Noises

JAPAN
Karn-versation

PLUS

Gun Club/Dugites
Motorhead/38 Special
Randy & The Roots
Cat Stevens
Australian Crawl
Glyn Mason, and more

WIN! Eurogliders Albums!

JUKE — The Music Magazine

Top Gigs

The Juke National Gig Guide is a comprehensive weekly look at who's playing where — right around Australia.

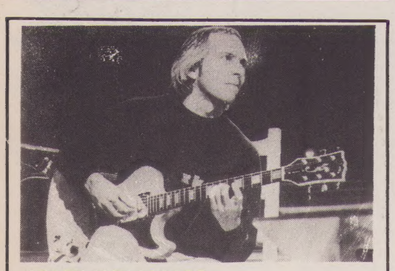
The service is completely free of charge and is available to all bands and musicians wishing to advertise their gigs.

All Gig Guide information must be lodged with Juke no later than 10 a.m. on Thursday mornings for the following week's gigs (Monday-Sunday).

They can be posted, or telephoned to Linda Packham on (03) 60-0421, ext. 2064. Listings can also be telexed to Juke on AA30331 or AA30376.

TINY TIM

August 10: Prospect Hill, Vic.; 11: Billboard, Vic.; 12: Club Chevron, Vic.; 13: Collendina Hotel, Vic.; 14: Bexley North Hotel, N.S.W.; 17: San Miguel Inn, N.S.W.; 18: Belmont 16' Sailing Club, N.S.W.; 19: Cabbage Tree Hotel (early), War & Peace (late), N.S.W.; 20: Campbelltown R.S.L., N.S.W.; 21: Cronulla-Sutherland R.S.L., N.S.W.; 22: Paddington Town Hall, Stranded (late), N.S.W.



JOHN WILLIAMS

August 21, 24: Melbourne; 31: Hobart; September 4, 10: Sydney; 7: Canberra.

DRAGON

August 9: Sundowner Inn, N.S.W.; 10: Family Inn, N.S.W.; 11: Newcastle Workers Club, N.S.W.; 12: Stardust Room, N.S.W.; 13: Manly Vale Hotel, N.S.W.; 14: Sylvania Hotel, N.S.W.; 15: Maroubra Seals, N.S.W.; 17: Sydney Trade Union Club, N.S.W.

DIONNE WARWICK

August 19-28: Hilton Hotel, Sydney; September 1-4: Hilton Hotel, Melbourne.

THE FALL

August 10, 11: Sydney Trade Union Club, N.S.W.; 12: Wollongong University, N.S.W.; 13: Joint August 10, 11: Sydney Trade Union Club, N.S.W.; 12: Wollongong University, N.S.W.; 13: Joint Effort Qld. University; 14: Manly Vale Hotel, N.S.W.; 15: Stranded, N.S.W.

VIC

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14 Bombay Rock
AFRI-JAH
15 Hidehurst Hotel, Windsor
ALBATROSS
14 Beaumaris Hotel
AMAZING FLAMES
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AN AFFAIR
12 Jump Club
SHARIN ANDERSON BAND
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SAM ANGELICO
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13 Le Tote
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12 Grange Wine Bar, 13 Sylvania Hotel, 14 Selinas
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ICED VO VOS
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DAN JOHNSON
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THE NOISE
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9 Arthur's Court, Nth. Syd., 10 Gundaroo Hotel, Toukley, 11 Whispers, Brookvale, 12 Cumberland College (arvo), 12 Governors Pleasure, 12 Piccadilly Hotel, 13 Paddington Green, 14 Cocoa Club, Gosford, 15 Arncliffe R.S.L.
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14 Governors Pleasure
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ROQUE
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TED'S PEPPERS
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TOTAL FIRE BAND
9 Dee Why Hotel, 10 Sefton Hotel, 13, 14 Jindabyne Bowling Club, 15 War & Peace
CHRIS TURNER BAND
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YA YA CHORAL
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YOUNG BY NITE
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ZARSOFF BROS.
14 Caringbah Inn
THE ZOO
11 Enfield Boulevarde, 12 Sydney Trade Union Club

TAS

DEAF EYES
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ESCAPEES
13 Travs, Hobart
FORECAST
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IMPRACTICAL ACTS
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MILAN MILAN
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MT BUS
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STORM DON & THE CONVERTIBLES
12 Travs, Hobart, 13 City Hall, Hobart, 14 Hadley's Hotel, Hobart
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14 Hadley's Hotel, Hobart

Qld

RAT SALAD
11-15 Caesars Palace, Cairns
ROSE TATOO
12 Darling Downs Inst, Toowoomba, 13 Homestead Hotel, 14 Surfair, Sunshine Coast, 15 Jet Club, Gold Coast

SA

DYNAMIC HEPNOTICS
10 Bay Disco, 12 Tivoli, 13 Old Lion Hotel, 14 Adelaide Uni, 15 Tivoli
SOME KIDS
11 Highway Inn
URBAN GUERILLAS
13 Cremorne Hotel, 14 Cumberland United S.C.

LITTLE RIVER BAND: Beeb Birtles and Graham Goble join the rest of the Little River Band, including new lead singler John Farnham on their first dates since Glenn Shorrock quit. Look for them in Melbourne on the 13th at the Sentimental Bloke.

WILDLIFE DOCUMENTARIES: Read about them in Juke this week, then see them at the Seaview Ballroom in Melbourne on Friday night.

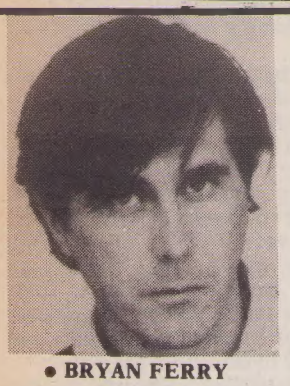
LOS TRIOS RINGBARKUS: They're at Melbourne's Last Laugh Cafe on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights and are well worth the effort.

DYNAMIC HEPNOTICS: On Saturday night, you'll find them at Adelaide University.

DIVINYLS: This is your last chance to see the Divinyls before they head overseas. Sydneysiders can wave goodbye at the Astra Hotel on the 13th.

Pulse

Edited by GRAHAM SIMPSON.



• BRYAN FERRY

Roxy Music, Kate Bush back on stage

by Stu Coleman

Both Roxy Music and Kate Bush are about to return to the stage after long absences. Bryan Ferry and the band go out on the road in Britain in September marking their first tour in two years. Their live dates follow their Top 5 success of their Avalon album and single.

Ferry will be joined on stage by Roxy stalwarts Andy McKay and Phil Manzanera as well as Chic backing vocalists, Fonzi Thornton, Michelle Cobbs and Tawatha Agee.

Kate Bush will also be back on tour as part of her comeback after a year long lay-off. She releases her new album in England on September 18th. It's called *The Dreaming* and is the first album she's produced herself.

The album contains her last hit "Sat In Your Lap" and the title track of the album has just been issued here as her new single. Other tracks from the album are, "Pull Out The Pin", "Leave It Open", "Night Of The Swallow", "Get Out Of My House", "All The Love", "Joudini", "Suspended In Gaffa" and "There Goes A Tenner". She used her regular backing band and there are no guest artists on the LP although "The Dreaming" features our very own Rolf Harris and animal impersonator Percy Edwards.

With no official explanation for her long silence there were rumours that Bush had quit the music scene presumably in artistic disillusionment. However, a spokesman for her record company explained simply "she's a perfectionist".

Bush has only done one series of live performances a couple of years ago and the special stage show had a number of spectacular effects, all part of her unique approach to her art. It looks as though she's currently working on a similar project for October/November.

• KATE BUSH

New approach in the synth. controversy

From Tony Mitchell in London

A more "rational" solution to the "problem" of synthesisers has been offered in a new motion that has just been passed by the Musicians Union in London.

It follows close on the heels of an hysterical anti-synthesiser motion proposed by MU member Neil Lancaster and which was adopted by the MU in London. If it is passed, it will either mean the end of electronic music in the UK or the end of the MU.

This second motion was proposed by Keith Armstrong, a disabled synth player who says he welcomes high technology as an aid to musicians in his position.

His motion reads: "Recognising the need of unity within our own union in this time of crisis and recognising that all synthesiser players are musicians who are entitled to equal rights with all other union members," and makes the point that "synthesiser players should be allowed to work without impediment, providing that they are not being employed in preference to two or more musicians; and that a drum machine would be permissible providing that a member of the union is controlling the machine and playing no other instrument while the machine is in use."

The motion reaffirmed the MU's policy of opposing the use of backing tapes to replace musicians.

The MU has yet to provide facts that there are more unemployed musicians since the Synthesiser Revolution began. The likelihood in fact is that most musicians are employed these days because the micro-chip and modern manufacturing methods have made it easier and cheaper to become involved in the creation of music.

The problem for those proposing motions to curb synthesisers seem to be that it is a different set of musicians who are benefiting from modern technology. But even this is not always the case. By the simple devise of adding a Claptrap (a small electronic unit which simulates the soundof handclaps) to a medley of popular classics, the London Symphony Orchestra had a massive worldwide hit with 'Hooked On Classics', which however crass in taste, earned substantial revenue for the orchestra and thus helped to keep a large number of traditional musicians in employment, playing the kind of music they want to play.

And in the case of modern groups, the choice of instrumentation is a conscious decision by the group from the start. People do not generally start out with the idea of forming a group consisting of vocalist, drummer, guitarist, bass player, drummer and 18-piece string section and then opt for a synthesiser player because they can't afford the string section.

And it's pretty rare for anyone to sack their drummer and bring in a drum machine as a replacement, because within the realm of pop and rock this just isn't the reasoning behind the choice of personnel and equipment. And yet it is within these fields that the effect of any curbs would be most felt.

So, while Armstrong's motion is vastly more sensible than its predecessor, it still seeks to impose restrictions. In its present form, it effectively dictates to groups that there must be a separate operator for any drum machine. In other words, if you want to create percussion sounds, you must have someone whose role is solely that of 'drummer', even if you don't use drums!

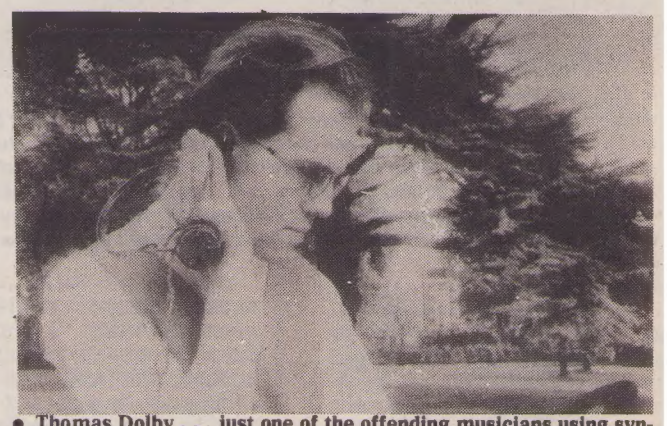
Juke asked Brian Nunney, managing director of Roland UK who supply much of the equipment coming under fire, for his reactions to the latest motion. He felt that the motion would be properly amended if it stipulated no more than that the operator of any drum machine should be a MU member. He endorsed the motion's point about equal rights and agreed with the clause about synths being used in preference to two or more musicians.

But as to the premise of the motion that this was a time of crisis, he said: "Crisis? What crisis? Britain is leading the world in the development of music in the popular field. There is no crisis. I'm sure if the MU had been around at the time the saxophone was invented, they would have reacted in the same way to that.

"The point is that the prime purpose of synthesisers is not to simulate other instruments, but if that's what upsets the MU why haven't they already taken the same action against electronic organs which specifically do seek to simulate other instruments and have done for decades?

"Anyway, if Beethoven had had access to synthesisers you can be sure this discussion wouldn't be taking place today."

Armstrong's motion goes next to the London District Council of the MU and if accepted (or amended) is then submitted to the executive committee for consideration by delegates from all over the country.



• **Thomas Dolby . . . just one of the offending musicians using synthesisers in place of instruments and players.**

COMSAT ANGELS CHANGE NAME

The Comsat Angels have had to change their name in America after some heavy legal pressure from the Ciommunication Satellite Corporation of America, who appear to have gained knowledge of the band's touring plans within minutes of the contracts being signed.

The Sheffield four-piece band, who've already released two albums on Polydor, originally chose their name from the short story *The Comsat Angels* by JG Ballard.

A year ago the band's management received a letter from lawyers representing the Communication Satellite Corporation, who also do a lot of secret military work for the Pentagon, saying that the word Comsat was a registered trade mark in America and that the group had no authority to use the name.

The correspondence between the group and the corporation lawyers continued for a couple of months before dying away, but last month the band began preparing their first American tour to begin in mid-July.

On Friday July 2 the final list of dates was telephoned and telexed from America to England and contracts for the whole tour were agreed at 5pm. At 5.30pm the group's manager received a telephone call from lawyers from the Communication Satellite Corporation saying that if the group used the name Comsat Angels they would injunct every single club where the band were due to play across America to prevent them playing. And just to prove they meant business, they reeled off the complete list of dates the band had agreed to half an hour earlier.

The band then took advice from Polydor's American lawyers, who reckoned that they could win any court case but that it would cost up to 20,000 dollars to do so and they'd have to go to court in every state of America in which they were playing.

This was clearly impracticable from a financial point of view and so negotiations began over an alternative name which the band could use in America — they certainly have no intention of changing it in any other country. After the Cosmic Angels received a thumbs down from the band, they eventually agreed on CSA (formerly the Comsat Angels), although they'll only be able to use the brackets for this tour.

What's intriguing is how the Corporation managed to find out the complete group itinerary within minutes of it being finalised. Readers may like to ponder upon ways in which a leading communications satellite company specialising in military work might discover such information.

Jam, League unhappy

By Jillian Hughes

Fresh from their "Don't You Want Me" reaching No 1 in America and *Dare* going over the 100,000-mark in Australia (which means double platinum) Human League are somewhat annoyed that some stores in England are selling the recent dub album *Love And Dancing* at full price.

The band had released the LP on the understanding that it could be sold for approximately A$6 but they've noticed that some shops are selling it for about A$10.

According to Phil Oakey, "the whole point of *Love And Dancing* is that we did it only as a bonus to fans who would like it. It's there if they want it but it's supposed to be sold cheaper, as a little extra, and that's why we haven't had it advertised or anything."

In the meantime, the Jam's Bruce Foxton is annoyed that people are regarding their new single charting in Britain "Just Who Is The Five O'Clock Hero" as an official one although it is really a German import single and made the Top 30 in the UK simply because fanatical Jam fans have gone out and bought it in droves.

Foxton in fact has written personally to all the music papers asking them to point out "as anyone who follows us will be aware, we never release more than one single off each LP. This is obviously to give "value for money" and to push the band to write new material.

" 'Just Who Is The Five O'-Clock Hero' is an import single and we have had nothing to do with its release here. Why are press and the radio stations stating it's out 'new' release?

"On the B-side of the single there are two songs 'War' and 'Great Depression'. Before going on tour in the States, we had intended to release an EP of cover versions but it didn't work. One song however found its way onto the B-side of the European release.

"I just wanted to explain the situation as it gets on my tits to get misquoted. We are working on a new single at the moment."

Sherbs U.S. deal

There was no champers or caviar — but Daryl Braithwaite is back at the top.

Seventies teeny-bopper idols Sherbs, nee Sherbet, have been signed to a new Australian recording contract after almost a year in limbo.

Sherbs signed a three year contract with Festival Records after hefty U.S. sales of their previous two albums *The Skill* and *Defying Gravity*.

The band — who have been working consistently locally — plan to record their new album, *The Arrow*, in Sydney next month.

The Arrow will be the first album the band has recorded with guitarist Tony Leigh who worked in England with Stevie Winwood.

Leigh replaced Harvey James who has been working with Richard Clapton to promote his latest album *The Great Escape*.

Pretending ...

by Jillian Hughes

Remaining Pretenders Chrissie Hynde and drummer Martin Chambers are presently recording a new single "Back On The Chaingang", their first since the death of James Honeyman-Scott and the departure of Pete Farndon.

They are being helped out in the studio by bassist Tony Butler and former Rockpile guitarist Billy Bremner. The sessions are being produced by Chris Thomas.

The Pretenders emphasise that this is not a permanent line-up and it is assumed that the two two will hold auditions for new players in the coming months.

In the meantime, the London inquest was told last week that it was cocaine that lead to the death of Honeyman-Scott. The pathologist explained that death from heart failure was due to an intolerance of the drug.

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Barbed Wires

Edited by CHRISTIE ELIEZER.

• The Dr. Feelgoods have gone through a massive lineup change following the departures of bassist Big Figure and drummer Sparko, both long time members. Their replacements are drummer Buzz Barwell (extreme right) who has played with Wreckless Eric and former Feelgood guitarist Wilko Johnson, and bassist Pat McMullan (extreme left) who used to play with Feelgood guitarist Johnny GUitar in his old band Count Bishops. The new Feelgoods will hit the road in Britian in October.

• Dear Barbed Wires, gosh I know you're not Dear Abby or anything like that, but I need someone to talk over my problems with. I think rock and roll's ruining my marriage! Yes, it's true. I mean I've always read of all these pop star chappies saying how their wives walked out on them because they were away touring all the time and all, but I never thought it could happen to me. After all, golly gosh, *they* had long hair and wore blue *jeans*.

I know some friends told me that the marriage wouldn't last. I was 19 and my husband Charles was 32 and balding. I was into **Dire Straits** and **Dr. Feelgood,** shy and a virgin and he was a conservative fuddy-duddy who was supposed to be quite a "lad" with ladies and horses (not that he could tell the difference between the two). But I thought love would conquer all, and he was powerful and rich. He even told me he'd be King one day; what ambition!

The marriage wasn't such a fairy tale. I hated her sister and vice versa, one of his aunts was divorced and hit the bottle, one of his brothers ran away to sea to fight in the Falklands, and then of course there was that family scandal when my mother-in-law was found to be "entertaining" men in her bedroom at two in the morning. But we got through all that. I tried to modernise Charlie, smart suits that didn't look like they were hand-me-downs from his father **Phil The Greek,** threw out all his albums of brass band marches and got him turned to rock records. And that's when he changed! He became a Born Again Rocker and life hasn't been the same since.

He prefers to be at rock concerts than with me. Earlier this year he went to a **Status Quo** concert and came back mumbling "oi fink oi'm gonna git abaht for some bovver" while smashing his head against the wall. My mum suggested a baby always brought couples together. And although **William's** such an awful little sweetie, Charles still obsessed with rock. He refers to his stately visits as "megaplatinum tour busters" and it took me weeks before I realised that when he said, "I wanna get down" he wasn't meaning going to Australia. And now just the other week he went out to see a band by the name **Madness** (I've never heard of them but the *Evening Standard* said they were "punks"). I don't want Charles to be a punk. Will he spit at dumb girls who want to kiss him on the beach so they can get themselves in the newspapers and build careers for themselves as models? Will he dye his hair in accordance with the colours of the flag? Will he go for street credibility and go live in the East End of London? Oh, please, help me". Signed **Diana.**

So there you go, weeping readers, another sad case of rock and roll ruining someone's love life.

Take ageing **Ian Gillan** as another example. The heavy rocker is frothing at the mouth about a report in the London *Sun* that he has split up with long time girlfriend **Zoe** because he wanted a kid and she didn't. Breathing fire and brimstone, Gillan screamed "there's absolutely no rift between Zoe and me — the only reason I've been sleeping down the studio is because I've been doing an album for the last six weeks.

"Zoe always comes on the road with me, and a lot of the fans know her — so they've been phoning the studio all week, really upset about the story." Quotes attributed to Gillan about the "split" were in fact taken out of context from an old interview he'd done on his attitudes to sex. He said he didn't want any kids because he was continually on the road. "I mean, giving birth to a new song is bad enough! All I want to do at the moment is to play some good rock'n'roll . . ."

As announced in a recent *London Calling,* Gillan's breakdown in the studio while recording the album has meant that his touring schedule has been pushed back, so that the Oz jaunt mooted for October/November will now take place early part of the year as part of a Far East and Southeast Asian trek. But get this: the Malaysian government will only let them play two concerts in the nation's capital Kuala Lumpur if, "all the bands boys including Gillan . . . either tie their long hair back or wear a hat, and should not let their long hair be on their shoulders." Say, that's a new one . . . headbanging with a pony tail!

• *And speaking of heavy metal widows,* **Marietta Parfitt,** *the wife of* **Status Quo's Rick,** *has released her first single in England. It's a cover of the old Rev* **Cliff Richard** *hymn "Do You Wanna Dance" featuring Cliff on backing vocals,* **Kevin Godley** *on drums and hubby producing the disc.*

• The crowd at the Shepton Mallet Festival in England got something of a bonus when **Julian Cope** appeared on stage in all leather, with **Nicky Hollan** on keyboards and **David Balfe** on tubular bells and — announced under the name **Place De La Concorde** — played four numbers from the forthcoming **Teardrop Explodes,** elpee.

• *As part of their debut album, the* **Runners** *will record one track, "Walk Between The Lines" in Melbourne's St. Paul's Cathedral. The track will also incorporate a 20 piece male choir and a 21-piece orchestra. The Runners have been busy working on their debut album with English producer* **Robert Ash** *(he's worked with* **Roxy Music, Bob Marley** *and* **(Traffic)** *and a new single "Hook Line And Sinker" is set for immediate release.*

• **Madness** will be touring here in October.

• **Mental As Anything's** *drummer* **Wayne De Lisle** *popped up in a band called* **Jungle Junta** *that played Sydney's Trade Union Club with various ex-***Mangroove Boogie Kingers** *including* **Warren Nunn, Rod Coe** *and* **Rex Kellaher.** *The support band* **Zen-O--Phobia** *also featured familiar Mental faces.*

• When **Talking Heads/Tom Tom Club** played London (see last week's issue for review) their manager **Gary Kurfirst** and Island Records' boss **Chris Blackwell** got a little carried away and scaled some barriers to get closer — and got thrown out of the Wembley Arena by a bouncer who didn't believe their protestations.

• *Police manager* **Miles Copeland** *is now managing* **Gary Numan** *in the U.S. although Old Hair Tranplant's dad will handle his affairs for the rest of the world. Numan is finishing off his fifth album with ex-***Japan** *guitarist* **Rob Dean** *and ex-***Berlin** *keyboards player* **Roger Mason.**

• **Ringo Starr,** former **Squeeze** person **Jools Holland** and one-time-controversial-punk-now-boring-pussycat **Stiv Bators** are in L.A. working on a movie about the rock and roll lifestyle. Apparently **Rod Stewart** was dead keen to get Starr's leading role but lost it by a nose.

• **Madness' Lee "Kix" Thompson's** *father* **Fred** *has been arrested in the UK for his alleged part in a monster amphetamines racket. We'd have got a quote from him but his teeth melted away and he was speaking too fast anyway.*

• **Noos From The Fun Boy Three camp: Neville Staples** and his lady, **Stella** of the **Belle Stars,** are cuddling up to each other again after Nifty Nev stopped fooling around with other lasses. And **Terry Hall** reveals that he's got such a sweet tooth that he'll squander a whole week's wages on "little jelly things and Mars bars" so his girlfriend's taken over his weekly pay, and doles out a few cents so he can scurry down to the shops and fill his face with the gooeys.

• *Two original members of* **La Femme,** *singer* **Chane Chane** *and drummer* **Peter Kidd,** *have reformed the band with* **Sean** *and* **Mark Gardner** *from the last lineup and will hit the circuit in Melbourne later this month. The band is also re-releasing "Lost For A Laugh" to coincide.*

• Sydney heavy metal outfit **The Boss,** who're currently negotiating with a major record company, have already had interest expressed in their demos by Holland and Belgium.

• *During the* **Richard Clapton Band's** *winter break, guitarist* **Harvey James** *is playing around with* **Swanee** *while singer* **Mary Bradfield** *has her first solo LP due out shortly. Clapton himself is alternating between writing songs and producing trax for the* **Flaming Hands.** *Incidentally,* ***The Great Escape*** *is Arr Cee's most successful LP and is nearing platinum.*

• **Elvis Costello's** dad, **Ross McManus,** has popped up on British TV in an ad for R. White's Lemonade.

• **Boston's** *third album* ***Third Stage*** *is expected out shortly. It's only been four years since the release of* ***Don't Look Back.*** *But according to a spokesperson for their record company, "heeey maaaan! What's hassling your mind, baby, like, it's all cool, can you dig it. Er, who was I talking about again?"*

• And how does **Journey's** guitarist **Neal Schon** relax after a hard day at the rehearsal room, playing that "gutwrenching axe music"? He listens to classical music. And Journey, he says modestly, are going to be the band that represents the Sound Of The Nineties. "I think we'll be setting trends in the '90s," he burbled. "I think that the lifespan of the band is going to be that long". Can't you see it now, "and now, right here in Las Vegas, popular ballad band Journey, doing a medley of their hit . . ."

• **Eurhythmics,** *the band formed out of the ashes of the* **Tourists,** *denying they are about to leave England to live in Europe due to lack of interest from the local music scene.*

• **Rory Gallagher** and band returned to London with terrific hangovers after celebrating Italy's win in the World Cup, which came at the end of their tour in that country. And **Dieter Mier** of England band **Yello** won $10,000 in bets over the win.

• *Negotiations currently for* **Bananarama** *to fly to Hollywood to team up with actor* **Peter Fonda** *for a Honda ad.*

• Reggae star **Mickey Dread** appeared onstage with the **Clash** in Newcastle last week to help them out on "Bank Robber".

• *The Cars' Rick Ocasek producing tracks in New York for that city's black punk band* **Bad Brains.**

• **Eurogliders** are releasing a 60-page booklet of their songs (with scores by keyboardsplayer *Amanda,* who studied music in university and is (Not Just A Pretty Face) which will include photos of the band taken by the band. Hmmm, wonder if one of them will be about the time when the band was in the Phillipines recording, and a local of the male persuasion came upon guitarist **Bernie Lynch** in the dressing rooms at a swimming pool and tried to make a pass at him.

• *Melbourne's* **Strange Idols** *off the road for three weeks to work in a new member and contemplate why their first single "Tired Of Earth" was met with a storm of indifference.*

• As **The Church's** *Blurred Crusade* hits the 30,000 mark, and guitarists **Peter Knoppes** and **Marty Wilson-Piper** travel through Europe hyping the shit out of it after its release there early July, **Steve Kilbey** is at home scribbling out new songs for third album due out in spring.

• "And now", says Quincy Jones, "comes the second part in our training program. This will teach us all to sing in tune, an exercise which I am allowing three months for". No, it's not a beginner's class. It is, in fact, the assembled superstars who worked on the backing for the Jon & Vangelis-penned "State Of Independence" track on Donna Summers' next album. In case you're at a loss, they are, from left to right: Stevie Wonder, Brenda Russell, Michael Jackson, Dionne Warwick, Lionel Richie, Christopher Cross, Dara Bernard (Donna's sister), Kenny Loggins, Michael McDonald and James Ingram.

DRAGON

Class Reunion 1982

Roland

Mon 9 Aug ..... SUNDOWNER
Tue 10 ..... FAMILY INN
Wed 11 ..... NEWCASTLE WORKERS
Thur 12 ..... STARDUST ROOM
Fri 13 ..... MANLY VALE HOTEL
Sat 14 ..... SYLVANIA HOTEL
Sun 15 ..... MAROUBRA SEALS
Tue 17 ..... SYDNEY TRADE UNION CLUB
Thur 19 ..... CHASERS
Fri 20 ..... SANDRINGHAM COMMODORE
Sat 21 (early) ..... WALTZING MATILDA
Sat 21 (late) ..... BOMBAY ROCK

Barbed Wires

Edited by CHRISTIE ELIEZER.

• While the good news is that **Midge Ure** predicts that **Ultravox** will return to these shores February/March next year, the **Humble Pie** pub/club crawl set for later this month has been postponed. The official reason is that Pie leader **Steve Marriott** is trying to (yet again) get the **Small Faces** together.

• **Robert Plant** *wishes that the press wouldn't keep manufacturing stories about his dabbling with black magic (untrue) or being arrested in Atlanta, Georgia, for possession of a knife (untrue he was at home in Birmingham, England, at the time) when they could print true things about him, of which he's proud . . . like the fact he was the second highest goalscorer in his Sunday League football team last year. Plant, who made an official appearance at the* **Madness**-*headlined show before* **Prince Charles** *in London recently was also seen backstage when the* **Stones** *played at Wembley but did not go out on stage with them.*

• *The next* **Def Leppard** album is to be called *Pyromania*, and when they go on tour next month, they plan to have "loads and loads of bombs", boasts lead singer **Joe Elliott.**

• **Fixxing Him Up For Good:** *Fixx' lead singer and chief songwriter,* **Cy Curnin** *married actress* **Jo Thomas** *in London recently; chief bridesmaid was* **Karen Swayne,** *who's by-line has popped up in these here pages, the most recent being last week's* **Au Pairs** *piece.*

• *Original* **Duran Duran** member **Steve Duffy** has re-emerged under the name **Tin Tin.**

• **Mutterings On The UFO Trail:** *following up our recent* **UFO** *story where it seemed guitarist* **Pete Way** *is somewhat dissatisfied with the band's musical direction, rumors are that he plans to work with ex-***Motorhead** *guitarist* **Fast Eddie Clarke** *on some heavy* **Foreigner** *type sounds (see Motorhead spread on pgs 8/9).*

In the meantime, singer **Phil Mogg** *was asked by an American magazine to do a bunch of record reviews for them. After calling the* **Blasters** *"retarded" and diagnosing that high-singing* **Gino Vannelli** *"wasn't circumcised", they played him* **Van Halen's** *"Pretty Woman", to which Mogg turned a whiter shade of pale and muttered "It's like prostituting yourself. The vocalist reminds me of* **Frankie Vaughan,** *a famous singer in England who's like* **Tom Jones.** *Disgusting . . . That sums up Van Halen, yuk, the hookers of rock."*

• *While the fact that the new* **LRB** elpee is taking much longer than expected has sparked off wrong rumors that **John Farnham** ain't fitting in, as gushingly thought at first, the real reason is that the band has gone back to record some new songs. Whether or not this had any connection with the visit by two record executives sent out here recently by the band's American label Capitol remains to be seen, but don't expect to see the LP for quite a few months.

• *As part of their Brats Are Back, whoops, Class Reunion tour,* **Dragon** *will re-open the Strata Motor Inn, in Sydney, which has been renovated to hold a thousand people.*

• **Not Much Cop:** LA punk metal band **The Stepmothers** had a recent gig cancelled by the police — all part of a harrassment drive towards the band and its fans, according to its lead singer **Steve Jones** who says he was pulled up in the street recently, questioned if he was in a punk and band and told by a cop, "If I see you in this town again you'll be spitting blood". Authorities also refused permission for a "punk for God" band to throw a free concert: it is made up of ex-punks who've now seen **Jesus** and now want to bore the rest of the world singing and preaching about it.

• *Melbourne gets a new Sunday night venue starting August 15 at the Studley Park Hotel with resident acts* **5:15** *and* **Psyche 59.**

• **Sting** has certainly been in the news these days. First of all, he won his case against Virgin Music: after claiming that the five year contract signed in 1976 cost him about A$1.2 million in royalties, Virgin Music has agreed to pay him an immediate $340,000 and increase his share from his hit singles. A few days later when he flew into Heathrow Airport with his new girlfriend, blonde green-eyed actress **Trudie Styler** (yes, he's separated from wife **Frances**) after being flown to a party on the French Riviera on the host's private jet, Sting's bodyguard got somewhat nasty when photographers tried to click the couple. The bully boy, knuckles dragging along the ground, hurled one clicker down a set of stairs at the airport injuring his arm and breaking a camera flash.

The Police recently played a secret gig, at drummer **Stu Copeland's** birthday party. The modest affar was held in a marquee in the grounds of Copeland's mansion in Bledlow, Bucks. The band consisted of former **Adam & The Ants** bassist **Gary Tibbs, ex-Wishbone Ash** guitarist **Andy Powell, Jools Holland** on keyboards, **Andy Summer** on guitar and **Copeland** on drums. **Sting,** along with ex-Wishbone singer **Martin Turner** and **Chelsea's Gene October** took turns at the mike. *(Mike who? — ed.).*

• **The next Jo Jo Zep & the Falcons** *LP currently being mixed in Miami* **by Peter Solley** *and due for release next month.* **Jane Clifton** *sings a duet on two songs.*

• A group of fringe performers will be demonstrating on Friday 13 at the Melbourne City Square at 12 pm calling for thier own Fringe Festival rather than have to go to Adelaide to appear.

• **Bushwackers** *successful Birkenhead Barn dances in Sydney (attracting up to 3,000 punters) met an untimely demise when the venue changed management.*

• Melbourne's **Hot Half Hour Band** have finished recording a four-track EP which is currently being pressed in Singapore and set for release through Monash Records in mid-October.

• **The Pink Floyd** *will release the soundtrack album to their film* ***The Wall*** *later this month when the film goes on general release in England and America (it will be screened here in early summer). The LP will be called* ***The Final Cut*** *and features new songs written by* **Roger Waters** *for the flick as well as revised versions of the tracks from* ***The Wall*** *double LP. Look out shortly for the band's new single "When The Tigers Broke Free'.*

• Actress **Penny Marshall** from the *Laverne & Shirley* TV comedy seen trying to skank dance at the Whiskey A Go Go in L.A. to those billious punks **Fear.** Her escort for the evening was **Dan Akroyd** of the **Blues Brothers.** His other half, the late **John Belushi,** whom they're tackily about to dig up again to check for drugs was a loud and loyal fan of the band.

As a postscript to the death of the Pretenders' **James Honeyman-Scott,** the findings that cocaine was the cause of his death has sent shock waves around the London music scene. It was the first time ever someone in the industry has died from the drug, previously thought to be "safe".

• *The punk videos, screened as part of the International Video Festival in Chelsea in London last week seemed to some viewers to be looking at a totally different era, when, of course, the whole thing happened five years ago. Set against the cheapo cheapo and very much shambolic home made film clips by the* **Slits** *and* **4 Be 2,** *the highlight of the festival was the screening of* **Don Letts'** ***Punk Rock Movie,*** *shot during 1977 on Super 8 mm at the Roxy club. The film stars biggies like the* **Pistols, Clash, Souxsie & the Banshees, Generation X, Johnny Thunders, X-Ray-Spec, Wayne County** *. . . with the cameras centred on the stage, the movie superbly captures the explosion which took months to filter downunder but definitely made important changes in the Australian music industry.*

• When Linda Ronstadt heard that Stevie Wonder was guesting on other people's albums, she was around like a shot. "I'd like you to see me work before we even think about recording together", said Ronstadt, displaying all the style of a front-end loader. While Wonder continues to top charts around the world, Miss Ronstadt has been busy moving house. She's just moved into Obscurity, a small town where her neighbours include the Eagles, Jackson Browne and the Bee Gees.

The Sex Pistols *have lately been seen by some camps — following the absurd claims of mentor* **Malcolm McLaren** *that he created the Pistols as punk's answer to the Monkees with the aim of cleaning up — as nothing but a hoax. But just seeing the band start and end this film, in all its thunderous spitting glory through "No Feelings", "Seventeen" and "God Save The Queen" with* **Johnny Rotten** *screaming out to the frothing masses "We're the future . . . your future" it put the spotlight back on the Pistols, focussing on just how important they really were.*

Letts is handling the new **Clash** *film tentatively titled* ***Clash On Broadway,*** *which is due for release in Britain next month. Filmed during their sell out shows in New York last year, the flick also incorporates the film clips that accompanied "Radio Clash" and "Rock The Casbah". Unlike the earlier* ***Rude Boy*** *flick, the new movie is said to capture the excitement and commitment of the band.*

In a recent interview in New York, **Joe Strummer** *revealed that he alone had instigated the sacking of* **Topper Headon** *and brought back* **Terry Chimes.** *He didn't state why, but no doubt touring the world with a self confessed junkie can have its problems, both morale wise and of course, with ever vigilant Drug Squad.*

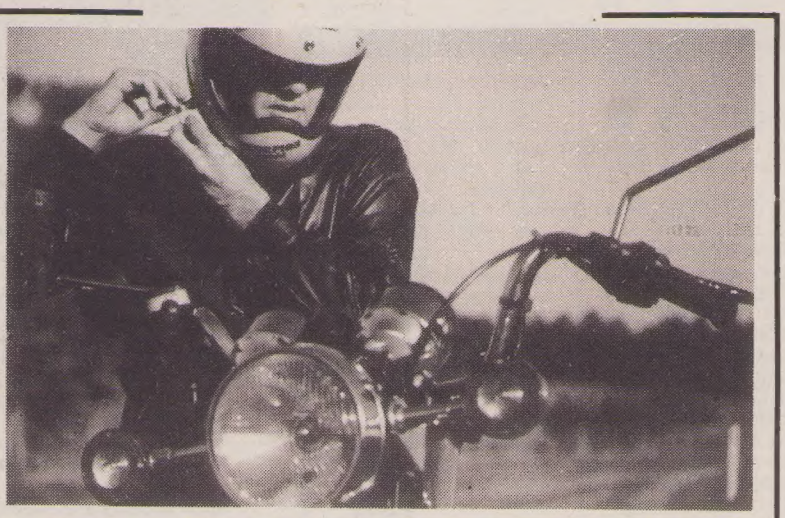
• To coincide with the release of their *Manila* elpee, **Paul Kelly & the Dogs** are hard at rehearsals to coincide with the return to live action. The band currently consists of **Tim Brosnan** (guitar, vocals) **Maurice Frawley** (guitar), **Alan Brooker** (bass), **Alex Formosa** (drums), **Chris Coyne** (sax) and **Steven Ewart** (trumpet). The band's new single is "Alive And Well".

• *So much for love, peace and brotherhood, maaaaan: the organisers of the Tanelorn Festival trading under the name Threshold Productions which wound up this February with reported debts of more than $350,000, have told creditors through court-appointed liquidators that they've got buggerall chance of retrieving their bread. And as usual, it's the innocent who suffer. For among the creditors were eleven NSW radio stations, transport companies, pubicity and promotion companies, printers, publishers, site contracters and 47 young kids who camped out and worked on the festival site for two months. Bands like* **Midnight Oil, Max Merritt** *and* **Redgum** *were paid in full before they went on.*

As reported in this publication at that time, some of the organisers' promises (showers, lavatories etc) left something to be desired. The organisers also billed **Cold Chisel** *even though they were officially told the band would not appear. According to Chisel's manager, the organisers then retaliated the refusal by spreading rumours that the band had become so stuck up and was asking too much, and then by promising a member of the band all manner of exotica, not to mention a free helicopter ride to the site, to get up onstage and show his face.*

• In Sydney on the weekend, the **Angels** headlined an under-18 concert with **Swanee, Divinyls** and **Dee Minor & the Dischords.** for 2MMM-FM.

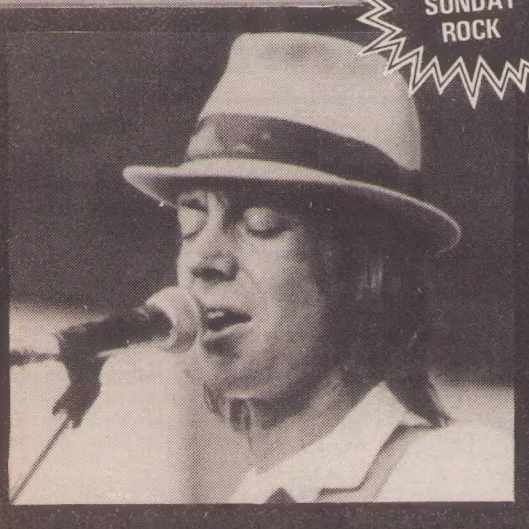
• **ABC's** *acned beanpole* **Martin Fry** *says: "I love to give girls flowers and open doors for them. I'm sure they'd rather have that than jump straight into bed" . . . only if he bores them enough to send them to sleep, we s'pose.*



• "If radio won't play the new single, I'll ride this bike off a cliff" says Daryl Braithwaite, Sherbs member who immediately regretted the statement. The shot is in fact, from the Sherbs' video for "We Ride Tonight" and the band has a new single, "Don't Throw It All Away" out. A new album is soon to be recorded.

WATERLOO CUP HOTEL

SUNDAY ROCK



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Frid 13th – KEVIN BORICH, SCREEN IDOLS, F.X.
Sat 14th – JENNIFER LEE BAND, TRADE WIND

Charts

Australia

1	–	GOODY TWO SHOES, Adam Ant	CBS
2	1	I RAN, A Flock Of Seagulls	Festival
3	3	POISON ARROW, ABC	PolyGram
4	10	CRIMSON & CLOVER, Joan Hett & The Blackhearts	EMI
5	2	I'VE NEVER BEEN TO ME, Charlene	Astor
6	4	SIX MONTHS IN A LEAKY BOAT, Split Enz	Festival
7	18	I KNOW WHAT BOYS LIKE, Waitresses	PolyGram
8	11	NO TIME, Mondo Rock	WEA
9	8	HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF, Duran Duran	EMI
10	7	MORE THAN THIS, Roxy Music	PolyGram
11	6	VIEW FROM A BRIDGE, Kim Wilde	EMI
12	5	KEY LARGO, Bertie Higgins	CBS
13	13	HOLD ME, Fleetwood Mac	WEA
14	16	DO YOU BELIEVE IN LOVE, Huey Lewis & The News	Festival
15	–	ONLY YOU, Yazoo	CBS
16	12	PROMISED YOU A MIRACLE, Simple Minds	CBS
17	9	DON'T YOU WANT ME, Human League	CBS
18	14	ISLAND OF LOST SOULS, Blondie	Festival
19	–	GIRL CRAZY, Hot Chocolate	EMI
20	–	CLASSIC, Adrian Gurvitz	EMI
21	–	THE OTHER WOMAN, Ray Parker Jr.	Festival
22	15	DON'T TALK TO STRANGERS, Rick Springfield	EMI
23	17	SHUT DOWN, Australian Crawl	EMI
24	23	EVEN THE NIGHTS ARE BETTER, Air Supply	EMI
25	23	CASTAWAY, Mi-Sex	CBS

1	1	SONS OF BEACHES, Australian Crawl	EMI
2	2	AVALON, Roxy Music	PolyGram
3	7	SOLID GOLD EASY ACTION, T. Rex	EMI
4	6	TUG OF WAR, Paul McCartney	EMI
5	8	SELECT, Kim Wilde	EMI
6	3	MIRAGE, Fleetwood Mac	WEA
7	5	TIME AND TIDE, Split Enz	Festival
8	9	NUOVO MONDO, Mondo Rock	WEA
9	4	EYE IN THE SKY, Alan Parsons Project	Festival
10	12	CHARIOTS OF FIRE, Original Soundtrack	PolyGram
11	19	A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS, A Flock Of Seagulls	Festival
12	11	STILL LIFE, Rolling Stones	EMI
13	–	VERY BEST OF PETER ALLEN, Peter Allen	Festival
14	10	RIO, Duran Duran	EMI
15	13	DARE, Human League	CBS
16	14	FRIENDS OF MR. CAIRO, Jon & Vanlelis	PolyGram
17	–	PICTURES AT ELEVEN, Robert Plant	WEA
18	16	BROADSWORD AND THE BEAST, Jethro Tull	Festival
19	17	ORIGINAL MUSIQUARIUM 1, Stevie Wonder	Astor
20	15	THE HUNTER, Blondie	Festival
21	18	CIRCUS ANIMALS, Cold Chisel	WEA
22	23	NOW AND FOREVER, Air Supply	EMI
23	25	HOT AUGUST NIGHT, Neil Diamond	Astor
24	–	NUMBER OF THE BEAST, Iron Maiden	EMI
25	–	DAYS OF INNOCENCE, Moving Pictures	EMI

England

1	1	FAME, Irene Cara	RSO
2	7	DA DA DA, Trio	Mobile Suit Corp
3	2	ABRACADABRA, Steve Miller Band	Mercury
4	11	IT STARTED WITH A KISS, Hot Chocolate	RAK
5	21	DON'T GO, Yazoo	Mute
6	–	COME ON EILEEN, Dexy's Midnight Runners	Mercury
7	10	SHY BOY, Bananarama	Deram
8	–	DRIVING IN MY CAR, Madness	Stiff
9	5	A NIGHT TO REMEMBER, Shalamar	Solar
10	3	INSIDE OUT, Odyssey	RCA
11	13	I SECOND THAT EMOTION, Japan	Hansa/Ariola
12	8	IKI IKO, Natasha	Towerbell
13	14	NIGHT TRAIN, Visage	Polydor
14	9	NOW THOSE DAYS ARE GONE, Bucks Fizz	RCA
15	6	MUSIC AND LIGHT, Imagination	R & B
16	4	HAPPY TALK, Captain Sensible	A & M
17	12	NO REGRETS, Midge Ure	Chrysalis
18	17	ME AND MY GIRL (NIGHTCLUBBING), David	EssexMercury
19	–	THE ONLY WAY OUT, Cliff Richard	EMI
20	22	MURPHY'S LAW, Cheri	21/Polydor
21	–	TAKE IT AWAY, Paul McCartney	Parlophone
22	–	STOOL PIGEON, Kid Creole & The Coconuts	Ze
23	23	HEART (STOP BEATING IN TIME), Leo Sayer	Chrysalis
24	–	STRANGE LITTLE GIRL, Stranglers	Liberty
25	18	VIDEOTEQUE, Dollar	WEA

1	3	FAME, Original Soundtrack	RSO
2	1	LEXICAN OF LOVE, ABC	Neutron
3	2	LOVE AND DANCING, League Unlimited Orchestra	Virgin
4	4	AVALON, Roxy Music	EG
5	5	MIRAGE, Fleetwood Mac	W. Bros.
6	6	PICTURES AT ELEVEN, Robert Plant	Swan Song
7	14	SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE, Judas Priest	CBS
8	8	STILL LIFE, Rolling Stones	Rolling Stones
9	7	IMPERIAL BEDROOM, Elvis Costello	F. Beat
10	23	CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK, Simon & Garfunkel	Geffen
11	10	COMPLETE MADNESS, Madness	Stiff
12	12	RIO, Duran Duran	EMI
13	16	ASIA, Asia	Geffen
14	–	THE KIDS FROM FAME, Various Artists	BBC
15	13	OVERLOAD, Various Artists	Ronco
16	9	TROPICAL GANGSTERS, Kid Creole & The Coconuts	Ze
17	11	ABRACADABRA, Steve Miller Band	Mercury
18	21	HAPPY TOGETHER, Odyssey	RCA
19	15	THREE SIDES LIVE, Genesis	Charisma
20	18	FABRIQUE, Fashion	Arista
21	–	FRIENDS, Shalamar	Solar
22	19	NON-STOP ECSTATIC DANCING, Soft Cell	Some Bizzare
23	–	NIGHT BIRDS, Shakatak	Polydor
24	–	DARE, Human League	Virgin
25	24	ARE YOU READY?, Buck Fizz	RCA

America

1	2	EYE OF THE TIGER, Survivor	Scotti
2	1	HURTS SO GOOD, John Cougar	Riva
3	3	DON'T YOU WANT ME, Human League	Virgin
4	5	HOLD ME, Fleetwood Mac	W. Bros
5	8	ABRACADABRA, Steve Miller Band	Capitol
6	4	ROSANNA, Toto	Columbia
7	7	TAINTED LOVE, Soft Cell	Sire
8	9	ONLY THE LONELY, The Motels	Capitol
9	16	HARD TO SAY I'M SORRY, Chicago	Full Moon
10	11	KEEP THE FIRE BURNIN', REO Speedwagon	Epic
11	14	EVEN THE NIGHTS ARE BETTER, Air Supply	Arista
12	12	PERSONALLY, Karla Bonoff	Columbia
13	6	LOVE'S BEEN A LITTLE BIT HARD ON ME, Juice Newton	Capitol
14	15	DO I DO, Stevie Wonder	Motown
15	18	WASTED ON THE WAY, Crosby, Stills & Nash	Atlantic
16	–	TAKE IT AWAY, Paul McCartney	Columbia
17	17	TAKE ME DOWN, Alabama	RCA
18	23	VACATION, Go Go's	IRS
19	24	YOU SHOULD HEAR HOW SHE TALKS ABOUT YOU, Melissa Manchester	
20	21	GOING TO A GO GO, Rolling Stones	RS
21	13	LET IT WHIP, The Dazz Band	Motown
22	22	FORGET ME NOTS, Patrice Rushen	Elektra
23	25	I FOUND SOMEBODY, Glenn Frey	Asylum
24	–	LOVE WILL TURN YOU AROUND, Kenny Rogers	Liberty
25	–	AMERICAN MUSIC, Pointer Sisters	Planet

1	3	MIRAGE, Fleetwood Mac	W. Bros
2	2	STILL LIFE (AMERICAN CONCERT 1981), Rolling Stones	RS
3	1	ASIA, Asia	Geffen
4	6	PICTURES AT ELEVEN, Robert Plant	Swansong
5	5	IV, Toto	Columbia
6	4	ALWAYS ON MY MIND, Willie Nelson	Columbia
7	7	GET LUCKY, Loverboy	Columbia
8	12	EYE OF THE TIGER, Survivor	Scotti
9	9	AMERICAN FOOL, John Cougar	Riva
10	10	GOOD TROUBLE, REO Speedwagon	Epic
11	13	ABRACADABRA, Steve Miller Band	Capitol
12	8	TUG OF WAR, Paul McCartney	Columbia
13	11	DARE, Human League	Virgin
14	14	DIVER TOWN, Van Halen	W. Bros
15	–	DAYLIGHT AGAIN, Crosby, Stills & Nash	Atlantic
16	17	NOW AND FOREVER, Air Supply	Arista
17	20	THREE SIDES LIVE, Genesis	Atlantic
18	19	ALL FOUR ONE, The Motels	Capitol
19	18	SPECIAL FORCES, '38 Special	A&M
20	–	ROCKY III, Original Soundtrack	Liberty
21	21	GAP BAND IV, Gap Band	Total
22	24	ANNIE, Original Soundtrack	Columbia
23	16	EYE IN THE SKY, Alan Parsons Project	Arista
24	15	THROWING DOWN, Rick James	Motown
25	–	ALL THE BEST COWBOYS HAVE CHINESE EYES, Pete Townshend	Atco

Yesteryear

SINGLES FIVE YEARS AGO
1 I FEEL LOVE, Donna Summer
2 MA BAKER, Boney M
3 SO YOU WIN AGAIN, Hot Chocolate
4 FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN, Emerson, Lake & Palmer
5 ANGELO, Brotherhood of Man
6 PRETTY VACANT, Sex Pistols
7 OH LORI, Alessi
8 BABY DON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND, Gladys Knight & The Pips
9 SLOW DOWN, John Miles
10 PEACHES, The Stranglers

SINGLES TEN YEARS AGO
1 PUPPY LOVE, Donny Osmond
2 ROCK AND ROLL PARTS 1 & 2, Gary Glitter
3 SYLVIA'S MOTHER, Dr. Hook & The Medicine Show
4 BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO, Partridge Family
5 I CAN SEE CLEARLY, Johnny Nash
6 CIRCLES, New Seekers
7 SEASIDE SHUFFLE, Terry Dactyl & The Dinosaurs
8 SCHOOL'S OUT, Alice Cooper
9 JOIN TOGETHER, The Who
10 STARMAN, David Bowie

SINGLES FIFTEEN YEARS AGO
1 ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE, The Beatles
2 SAN FRANCISCO, Scott McKenzie
3 IT MUST BE HIM, Vikki Carr
4 ALTERNATIVE TITLE, The Monkees
5 SHE'D RATHER BE WITH ME, The Turtles
6 A WHITER SHADE OF PALE, Procol Harum
7 THERE GOES MY EVERYTHING, Englebert Humperdink
8 SEE EMILY PLAY, Pink Floyd
9 UP UP AND AWAY, Johnny Mann Singers
10 DEATH OF A CLOWN, Dave Davies

SINGLES TWENTY YEARS AGO
1 I REMEMBER YOU, Frank Ifield
2 I CAN'T STOP LOVING YOU, Ray Charles
3 SPEEDY GONZALES, Pat Boone
4 PICTURE OF YOU, Joe Brown
5 COME OUTSIDE, Mike Sarne
6 DON'T EVER CHANGE, The Crickets
7 HERE COMES THAT FEELING, Brenda Lee
8 ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN, Jimmy Rodgers
9 OUR FAVOURITE MELODIES, Craig Douglas
10 GOOD LUCK CHARM, Elvis Presley

This week's 33⅓s

Santana: **SHANGO**
Adrian Belew: **LONE RHINO**
Girlschool: **SCREAMING BLUE MURDER**
Donna Summer: **DONNA SUMMER**
Ducks In Formation: **DUCKS IN FORMATION**
Jon Lord: **BEFORE I FORGET**
Original Soundtrack: **ROCKY 3**
League Unlimited Orchestra: **LOVE AND DANCING**
Mahalia Jackson: **GREATEST HITS**
John Williams: **THE GOLDEN GUITAR**
John Williams: **PORTRAIT OF JOHN WILLIAMS**
Joe Jackson: **N DAY**
Anne Kirkpatrick: **MERRY GO ROUND OF LIFE**
Various Artists: **BRITAIN WAIVES THE RULES**
Statler Brothers: **COUNTRY GOSPEL**
Johnny Cash: **GOSPEL ROAD**

(all releases subject to last minute change by record companies who supplied this list)

This week's 45s

Mental As Anything: **I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE MEAN**
InXs: **ONE THING**
Queen: **CALLING ALL GIRLS**
Blue Zoo: **I'M YOUR MAN**
Captain Sensible: **HAPPY TALK**
Russell Morris & the Rubes: **GET IT RIGHT**
Models: **ON - THE WHOLE STORY**
Joe Bloe: **LEONARDO DA VINCI IS A GROVVER**
Gang Of Four: **I LOVE A MAN IN UNIFORM**
Thomas Dolby: **RADIO SILENCE**
Reddings: **DOCK OF THE BAY**
Willie Nelson: **A WHITER SHADE OF PALE**
Jenny Holliday: **I AM TELLING YOU I'M NOT GOING**
Lester Coombs: **I'M AUSTRALIAN, NO. 1**
Richard Clayderman: **LADY DI**
Alessi: **JAGGED EDGES**
Randy Crawford: **ONE HELLO**
Little River Band: **DOWN ON THE BORDER**
David Riley: **WINGS OVER AMERICA**
Major Matchbox: **ONE MORE SATURDAY NIGHT**
Renee Geyer: **LOVE SO SWEET**
Kenny Togers: **LOVE WILL TURN YOU AROUND**
Pete Chambers: **NORMAN LOVES ROSE**
Motels: **TAKE THE O**

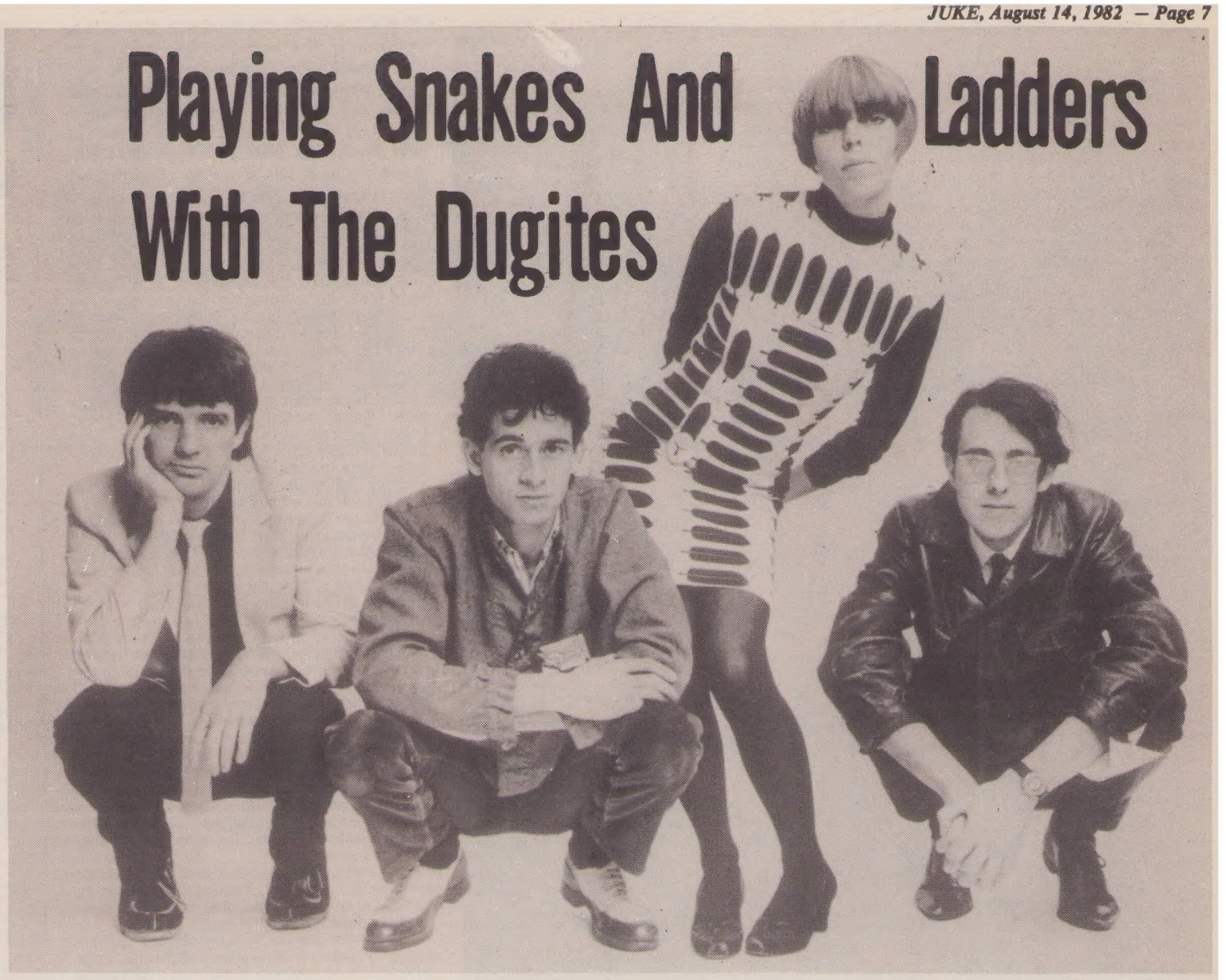
(all releases subject to last minute change by record companies who supplied this list)

Alternatively . . .

LEXICON OF LOVE, ABC	Neutron
SULK, Associates	WEA
JUNKYARD, Birthday Party	Missing Link
CHILL OUT, Black Uhuru	Island
2 X 45, Cabaret Voltaire	Rough Trade
LIES TO LIVE BY, Del Byzanteens	D.F.O.T.M.
ZIP STYLE METHOD, John Cooper Clarke	Epic
THERMO NUCLEAR SWEAT, Defunkt	Hannibal
HEX INDUCTION HOUR, The Fall	Gap
SONGS OF THE FREE, Gang Of Four	EMI
SEND ME A LULLABY, Go-Between	Missing Link
LES TUEURS DE LA LUNE DE MIEL, Honeymoon Killers	Crammed Discs
PEDIGREE CHARM, Lora Logic	Rough Trade
13,13, Lydia Lunch	Ruby
PAL JUDY, Judy Nylon	U Sound
OF HUMAN FEELINGS, Ornette Coleman	Antilles
PALAIS SCHAUMBERG, Palais Schaumberg	Camera
I AM COLD, Rip, Rig & Panic	Virgin
WORDS FROM THE FRONT, Tom Verlaine	Virgin
WHICHEVER WAY YOU ARE GOING, Woo	Cherry Red

• Playlist supplied by Melbourne 3RRR-FM.

Playing Snakes And Ladders With The Dugites



By Christie Eliezer

Geddit: snakes and ladders. Back in Perth when the Stockings used to play on the same bill as the Dugites, that's how the show'd be billed.

And now with the Stockings long gone, Boris Garter is playing with the Dugites, along with jazz saxman Paul Williamson. The Dugites these days are essentially a four-piece and will add and drop auxiliary musicians as they see fit. Garter doesn't actually say so, but you get the impression he's hesitant about how much to contribute and how long he'll be around. "Well, I've been asked on for a tour or two... we'll just see if I stay on after that."

The move is something almost essential for a band like the Dugites who're facing a storm of indifference from the major AM stations. When you keep trudging around the traps to keep the band financially afloat, you bring in new blood to keep the boredom at bay.

The Stockings are a band who couldn't handle similar indifference. They'd moved quietly over from Perth to Melbourne and set about winning a small cult following with their quirky, hard-driving pop. But they lacked an image or a presence adaptable to the media and it was depressing watching the sands run out for them; they watched an impressive debut LP be ignored, returned to Perth for dates and broke up.

"It was the usual sort of problems," Garter sits at the Blemishes eatery and shrugs without bitterness. "It was a good album but we were the wrong band at the wrong time. Once John (Bennett, drummer) left to join the Eurogliders, it signalled the rest of us to give up."

Garter remained low profile in Melbourne for eight months (save for an attempt to put a band together with various members of Andy Oh & the Sheep) spending his time working in his home studio on songs.

"I really wanted to get back on the road, which is one reason why I grabbed at the chance when Peter Crosbie rang to say that Andrew (Pendlebury) was leaving, and if I wanted to go on tour with them.

"The other reasons was that I'm absolutely mad about Lynda Nutter, I really am! I've got pictures of her stuck all over my bedroom. So this was one way I could get closer to her."

On the other side of town, Nutter's at a fave journalists watering hole called the Phoenix, shouting to be heard over the noise for her fourth interview for the afternoon. She's guzzling away at glasses of wine, says she's feeling most merry and laughs loudly at mention of Garter's proclamation of infatuation.

"He's a lovely person too," she says gravely, mustering as much enthusiasm and humour as possible for someone who got to sleep at 4 that morning after a show, and was on the *Countdown* set for taping rehearsals at 9.45.

"He's really picke d up the material so quickly. We did a week's rehearsals but he slipped right into it."

At this stage they'd only done three shows with guitar and sax, so it was still up in the air as to how long they'd stay.

"Basically we've employed Boris for this tour, and we'll see what happens later. We'll keep picking and dropping musicians. I mean, Andrew's not playing with us but he'll quite likely record the album with us on the songs that he was integral part of. But we're not even thinking of an album at this stage: that's all in the distance. We just want to throw ourselves behind this new single 'No Money' and see what happens from there."

With this shuffle of personnel, the band has retained interest enough to actually look forward to each show these days. She's not bored with the songs, Lynda says, but selling them every night can be exhausting.

"The actual sound of the Dugites won't change radically. When Peter and I first put the band together in Perth, we wanted to work with sax and synthesisers and have no guitars. But there was no one good enough who was available for the band, so we tried other ideas. It's lovely working with sax now, the music has real punch to it and I'm amazed how we've got this far without one because some of the songs really needed a bit of brass."

The Dugites are victims of their own naive (but healthy, thank God) lack of marketing. When they first ventured Eastward, their lovely pop tunes gave them a hip 3RRR/3PBS-FM type image, making them a Band To Watch among the trendy set. Then AM picked up their first single "In Your Car" which stuck them with an image of a daggy band singing dumb, superficial songs.

Unfortunately, later songs like the gutsier **"South Pacific" and last year's haunting synth-**pop outing "Waiting" (before it became the trend) were ignored by radio. So we had a classic example of a band with a more mature music and a diverse audience with an outdated image.

"It's difficult to know what people think of the Dugites, because I'm not even sure what the Dugites think of the Dugites. We're basically a group of musicians who want to be taken seriously and who are very finicky about what we do. I do know what you say about that dumb image, but that's something we just can't help. Anyone who comes to see us at our shows will know we don't do superficial pop songs.

"We're most concerned with dealing with what we see, rather than something as remote as record sales. We'd be more upset at having to play to an apathetic or ignorant crowd which prefers to drink, than having the last album bomb. It was disappointing, of course, that it didn't sell as much as the first but as musicians we were so pleased with the LP because we progressed on it.

"And we still are. As far as I'm concerned, **I've done** my best vocal on the new single. I didn't gow up with any aspirations to be a singer, I wanted to be an actress. I more or less stumbled on to the band thing. For years, whenever I had to fill in an official form, I'd always put 'entertainer' in the space marked Occupation. It's only now I have the confidence to put 'vocalist'. All the acting I want to do, I do onstage... and at interviews (laughs)."

Whether or not the Dugites were prepared to admit it, they badly needed an overhaul when Pendlebury joined late last year. He gave them a kick in the ass as well as a spark their shows lacked.

"We certainly had an overhaul with Andrew, not only because he's such an aggressive player but by the sort of person he is. The four Dugites are basically straight people, so it looks from the outside as if we're staid and boring. Andrew brought in an influence that's still there, because he made us relook some of our attitudes, particularly Peter's because the two were childhood friends."

Crosbie has been a part of the Dugites problem. **A very clever musician who can write any** style and orchestrate for any instrument (with all the qualities of nervousness and intensity that goes with that) he's best described as, all technique with very little time for what critics and punters thought. But a heavy dose of Pend**lebury's street level seems to have made a** marked difference to the man's attitude and music.

"After growing up in Melbourne and going to England together, the two went their separate **ways. Once he started to kick around with An**drew, I think he became a much looser, less nervous person and it reflects in his playing and thinking."

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Wed 11th — BLUE ECHOES
Thurs 12th — MENTAL AS ANYTHING STRANGE TENANTS
Frid 13th — RUSSELL MORRIS & THE RUBES
Sat 14th — TURKEYS DELIGHT
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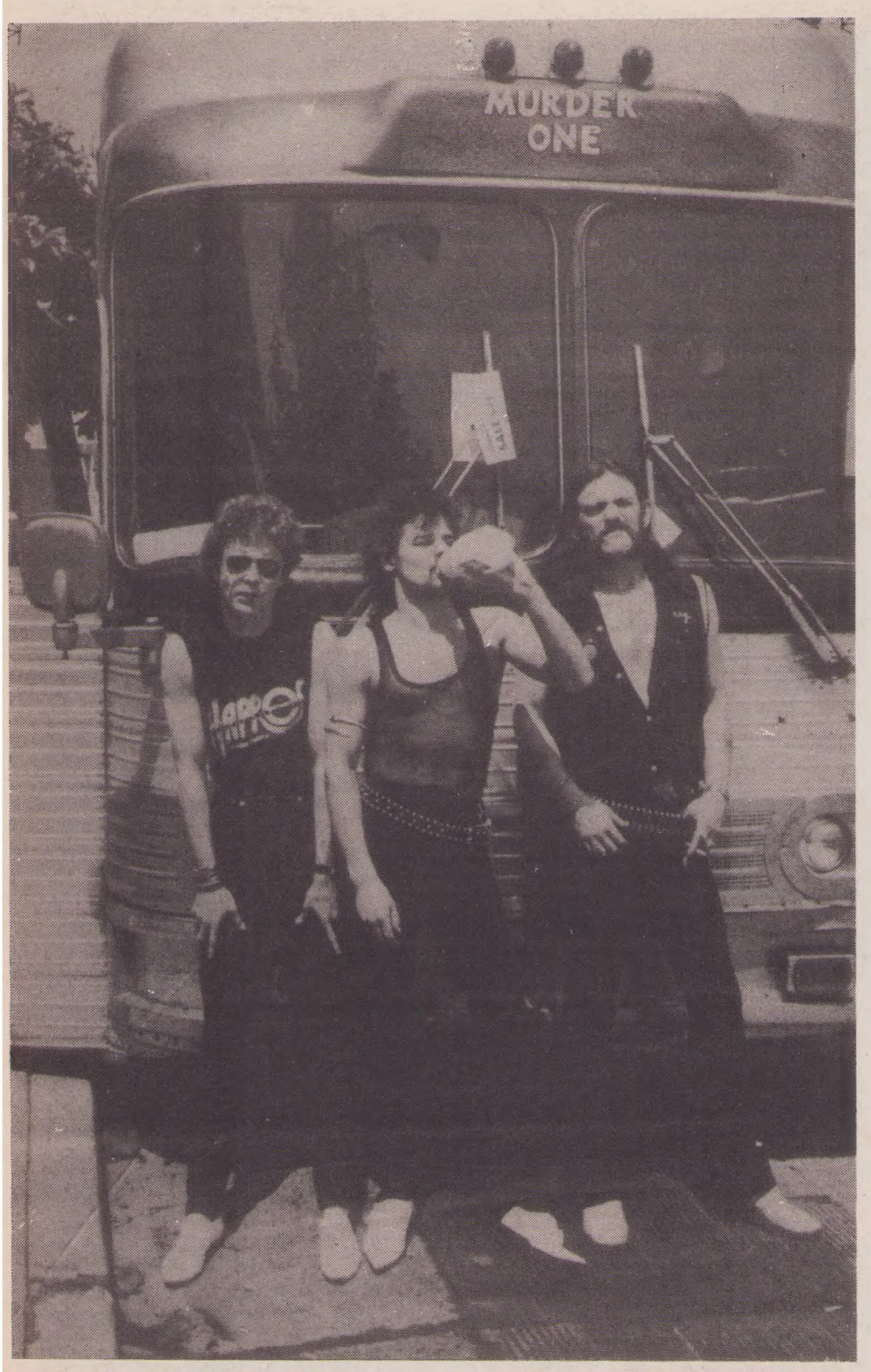

It ain't exactly *Crossroads*. There's a woman in the motel lobby, legs up to her shoulders, juggernaut chest not even pretending to be covered by the tank top, teensy leather shorts, I mean, if this gal was in a band she'd get bookings like you wouldn't believe — and she's going straight for the manager's eyes.

A couple of even seedier-looking blokes are cooling their heels outside, and there's no way the manager's going to let them up to her room unless she pays the 300 bucks she owes.

It's High Noon in Hollywood on Sunset Boulevard with the usual winos, Merc owners and other reprobates blinking at the smog. And by the hotel pool under an umbrella, looking like a Martini Commercial From Hell, Motorhead are enjoying their summer hols, if only they wouldn't press people to talk to them.

They've been doing interviews all morning, a time when most self-respecting HM-ers haven't even got out of their leathers and gone to bed yet, and other than a sleeping Brian Robertson they're chirpily signing autographs, answering the same old questions and offering Screwdrivers to all and sundry.

And there's plenty of sundry at this hotel — the place that horrified Haircut 100 with all the pimps and prostitutes around; that almost got Girlschool into trouble on their last trip here — pulling their chairs, their kids and their giant transistor radios up to the Motorhead table to see what's going on.

What *is* going on with Motorhead? A question that concerned headbangers have been asking since Eddie left in a cloud of dust during the Plasmahead/Motormatic single with Wendy O Williams the day before they started their second — and first headlining — tour of the States.

Is he gone for good? Is Brian in for good? Is the band in a good state at the moment? They undoubtedly were during the making *Iron Fist*. It says so on the album cover — "we had a great time making this fab opus"; helped a little, no doubt, by four bottles of Smirnoff a day. The band says so too.

"We really liked all the new numbers we wrote on it", says Phil, looking fetching in tiny black swimming trunks and turning a nice shade of puce.

"If you don't actually enjoy playing the new songs, then you're on a downward slope. Also with Eddie producing it we were getting a much better sound as well. It's a shame we didn't try that before."

"He wasn't really ready to do it before," Lemmy points out.

"And", Phil reckons, "he doesn't have very much confidence in himself. He was always a person who thought he wasn't quite as good as he actually was.

"In fact", says Lemmy, "this scene where he's left is only really him crying for recognition. I feel. He just wanted us to ask him back, you know, say 'please don't leave' or something like that — maybe subconscious, I don't know."

Will you?

"No", says Lemmy, "He's done it once too often." But after seven years of being with somebody, surely you know that's his personality and make allowances for it?

"But you get sick of it", says Lemmy.

Phil: "After seven years it was beginning to screw our heads in. You can only cry wolf several hundred times. When you leave a band sort of like once a week for seven years for whatever reason — I mean we tried to persuade him not to.

"I spent three days with him while Lemmy was in the studio with Wendy O Williams saying, 'don't be silly, this is no reason to leave a band over.'

"He was so adamant that I just thought, 'well obviously this time it's not just a drunken wobbler — him throwing a wobbler to get his own way. He was totally sober and very serious and calm and collected and his thoughts seemed to be together, not like when he'd threaten to leave the band every week before."

★ ★ ★

Everything was fine until they got to Canada to do the one off 'Stand By Your Man' single with Wendy O.

"We all knew when we left England that it wasn't going to be a Stevie Wonder mets Paul McCartney production job. It was basically an over-the-top single. We got all the backing tracks down fine, no problem, then as soon as Wendy started singing, Eddie got up, said 'I'm just going to get a bite to eat' and never came back."

Why?

"He said, 'if this f...ing chick comes out, I don't want to be associated with it' and all this". says Phil.

NEW

"And I said to him, 'well that's no problem; easy. If you want you can put on the back of the single Eddie Clarke is in no way involved with this; he hates it, he thinks it's a bunch of shit. Because we knew the Plasmatics wouldn't mind that being written on the sleeve, and neither would we."

"But if you're the producer of something", says Lemmy. "you've got to persevere with the thing until it's right. You can't just walk out if it isn't going your way."

The band's worked with enough women in the past; what was the problem with this one?

"It wasn't girls. It was just her voice was difficult to get down. I can do a vocal in four or five takes usually and he's used to that, whereas Wendy had to sing the thing over and over and he couldn't seem to understand that."

"I still don't believe that was his reason for leaving", reckons Phil. "It's such a stupid, superficial, idiotic reason." "It just brought it to a head," says Lemmy. "And it fits in with the rest of the wobblers. Eddie was just unhappy a lot of the time. It seemed like he wasn't happy unless he was unhappy, you know. And it was a drag really because everybody was trying to keep him happy all the time. We had the whole road crew running around trying to keep him cheerful, and it never worked, which is a shame."

"We're sad he's gone", says Phil. "Because when he went, it was almost like being with a lover for seven years, and when you split apart a lot of tears were shed. It wasn't a case of 'if you're going to leave, all right then, f... off, we can replace you dead easy'."

They couldn't. The only one they could think of in Canada, where it happened, was in an outfit called Anvil whose guitarist was notorious for knowing every Motorhead song ever written; unfortunately he was otherwise engaged.

"So me and Lemmy sat around the hotel for a couple of days going 'oh f...ing hell what are we going to do? Do we bottle the tour?' And if we bottled the tour we'd probably never come back, that'd be it — our second time in America and our first headlining tour."

After enough vodka, Phil came up with a brainwave — Brian Robertson, who was in Canada working on a solo single, having given up on bands after Wild Horses broke up.

"So Lemmy phoned him up and said, 'how do you fancy joining Motorhead'. 'Och, why not, anything for a laff'. We've known Robbo for a few years, but only on a social drunken falling-over state. I know his guitar playing and his style insideout because I've been a Thin Lizzy freak from the very first album. I knew the only person who could play this fast and learn the numbers this quickly and play shit out of the guitar in place of Eddie was Robbo."

They gave him 16 hours to learn enough songs to do a shortened set. While the others were getting a kip on the plane down, Robertson was sitting there with his Sony Walkman and Motorhead tapes learning his lines.

"One of the first comments he made when we were teaching him the numbers was, 'f...ing well, I always thought you guys were just two-chord wonders, a f...ing wall of noise, and now I realise there's some structure in there. There's actually is some quite tasteful things going on there.'

"At which point Lemmy said, 'next time you do an interview, make sure you say that!' "

He did when he finally emerged, rubbing his eyes, from the motel room, carrot-hair gleaming in the Californian sun. Wondering how he went from doing a virtuoso bit on his solo project — playing pretty much all the instruments himself — to a two-chord wonder.

He sighs, "if you tried playing those two chords, you'd start wondering about it. I tell you. Because the way they play them — it's actually very difficult to do."

★ ★ ★

Do they ever get sick of having their music slagged as simple and mindless then?

"Not really. It's been going on for too long. The only press we got in the beginning was bad press. I think in *Juke* for two years running we were the world's worst band or whatever. We got press like 'How many spots has Lemmy got this week?' or 'The ugliest band in town'."

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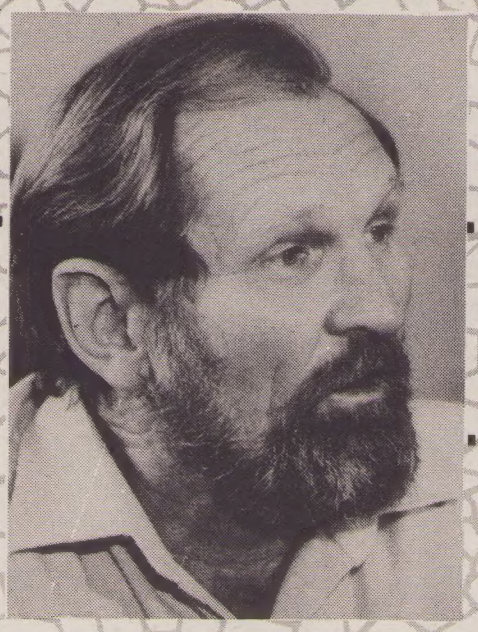
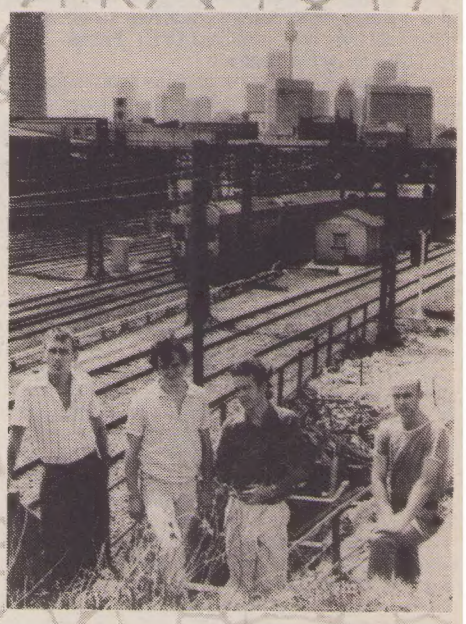
WILDLIFE DOCUMENTARIES

Did This Man... ...Everything... ...Teach These Men ...They Know?





By Christie Ellezer

Ivor Hay is of course best known as skinbasher for the Saints. A high school activist back in his Brisbane days, he refuses to pinpoint himself as a politically orientated person or a humanist ("makes one sound like a hippie") and says he's more mystical than superstitious.

Which is one reason why he chose Friday 13th last year to launch the Wildlife Documentaries at a Laughing Clowns show in Sydney. And why a year later he planned to release the band's first recorded work — a self titled 12" EP featuring "Forest Or The Trees", "Tremble", "Promise Me" and "Ghetto Strength" — on the 13th, to mark twelve months of experimentation and hard work. (As it turned out, the goddamned thing was delayed by two weeks and was released on July 26 but as they say in the cornflake packets, it's the thought that counts).

That first show was a nerve wracking yet artistically satisfying experience. For a start, neither Hay nor co-frontman guitarist Howard Cairns had sung before; they had intended to get a vocalist; but the ones they auditioned turned out to be latent pop stars, so they plodded through on their own. What was established that night was that Wildlife Documentaries was to be an exciting and diverse jazz/rock ensemble of top grade talent who were going to retain their integrity.

Did Wildlife start off with a set crowd in Sydney, given the Saints continued infamy?

"No, we actually started at the bottom", says Hay. "We didn't push my Saints connection too much. I don't want to be the leader, I want to create a system happening within the band which is healthy and won't get ruined by ego clashes. Which is why we went choosing carefully for intelligent and strong musicians. We do put a lot of thought in to what we do.

"We're neither an avant garde band nor a rock and roll band, but all the sensibilities that make a good rock and roll band are there. The music swings, the rhythm and brass sections are hardly static, and there are lots of time changes to keep the momentum."

So how much improvisation is there onstage?

"We're very well rehearsed, that's for sure. We don't want to get out of that stage about worrying about what note to play next. Once you're well rehearsed, then you play conditioned which allows you to concentrate on getting the feel. The only ad-libbing comes from the brass section when they do their solos but even those have a set length anyway."

The five piece also includes bassist Mark Spence, Michael Charles on alto sax and Tim Fagan on tenor sax. However, the clash of power and subtlety comes from the totally different nature of Hay and Cairns. Hay who started out working in a record shop in Brisbane was in the midst of Sydney's punk madness and certainly has come to grips with the workings of the local music industry. Cairns, an anthropologist and busker is a babe in the woods; during Sydney's punk heyday he was hanging out with the Aborigines in the desert and getting the latest punk discs sent from Perth. Until he went onstage with the Wildlifes, he'd never been in a band before.

"I think we're very much a band that wants to do it on their own terms but obviously there are times when you have to make a compromise. Howard is less keen on making these compromises because he knows less about the way the music business works, but that in itself is healthy because we're continually looking at the way the band operates within and outside the system.

"We're not Clash by any means but we are a subversive band nevertheless. Any music is either active or inactive culturally. I was reading the theory of music the other day and it really dawned on me how important a part music plays in our culture although it's only the handful who consider it important. Years ago, when I had to go to court for bill-postering, my solicitor couldn't understand how I could consider myself a musician when I hadn't even gone to the Conservatorium. I couldn't make her understand it wasn't just a career, it was a lifestyle.

"Certainly when Mao had his Cultural Revolution in China he knew he had to take music and theatre in control before he could control the masses. It's no different for the capitalist system in Australia. You have to downgrade culture because it's not cool to give anyone the chance to choose between becoming an accountant or a sculptor: he has to be put in the position where he has to choose to serve the system.

"The system has to divide people — their classes, their thoughts. I'm amazed at how intolerant people are about different styles of music even. I'll listen to anything — punk, classical, Aboriginal — but I know punks that refuse to listen to anything else. There's this unknown instigator dividing the people. It's more obvious in Brisbane where the Saints came from: there are actually bully boys who go around to make sure that the system is working in order. When the Saints came down to Sydney we were amazed at the independence people were allowed, how drag queens were allowed to express themselves. In that way, Wildlife Documentaries is deliberately subversive because we won't play the game."

Hay didn't start writing songs until the Saints finished, and he briefly joined the Hitmen. That was followed by a stint with Chris Bailey's reformed Saints. He then went through a period of self-examination, wondering if he wanted to remain a musician (he became a gardener and studied music) and virtually had the answer thrust at him when he met a kindred soul in Cairns.

So far, Wildlife have only played around NSW although they're in Melbourne in August and Brisbane in September. Did people still come along expecting to see a Saints Mark 3?

"I don't think so. I think poor Ed bore the brunt of that when he started Laughing Clowns. I think they'll just take this at face value. Incidentally, we were going to ask Ed to produce the EP but ended up doing it ourselves.

"But the nice thing is that the members are still carrying on the Saints tradition. We're still doing independent things and not working within the system. It's just that we can't work with each other!"

It's far too early to go overseas, he says firmly, partly because they haven't got the bread and partly because the band itself is far from ready.

"I don't think the members will really understand what they're on about for another 12 months. If we go now, we'd just be a run-of-the-mill band in London. As long as strategically and musically we keep it going, then it's okay. Acceptance in this business is so unpredictable anyway, it's out of our hands and in the laps of the gods. Australia's a good place to start a band in. For a start, there's less image consciousness here; in fact it goes the other way because Australians always want you to be one of the boys."

"I think it's more image conscious in Melbourne! Its a far more cultural city. Just read the history of the cities and you'll know how they're so different. Sydney traded with its sister city San Francisco, it's cosmopolitan and has a lot of American influences and it's basically a glorified gold town, so it's music's wham-bam thump, Melbourne traded with London, it's very British and refined and it goes for the cultural type music."

WIN EUROGLIDERS ALBUM

The Euogliders became one of the most important bands in Perth when they were signed by an East Coast company when still over West. It was a luxury accorded to very few bands.

When they came over from Perth, there was instantly a buzz about their rich middle class pop sound, particularly the strong melodies of Bernie Lynch and inventive playing. Certainly, their new home base in Sydney seemed to have no other band like them and quickly embraced them. The freshness of sound is captured on the band's debut album *Pink Suit Blue Day*, which they recorded in Manilla.

Already, "Without You" is high up on charts around the country and the LP is racing towards its first gold.

This week, with the compliments of PolyGram Records, we have 12 copies of the album to give away. All you have to do is tell us the name of the band's singer. Write your answer, along with your name and address on the back of an envelope, and send it to

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Shy Girls!

Dave McCullough In London discovers the apeel of Bananarama

David Soul wasn't there. To somebody like myself who has long admired the blond bombshell's languid, easy going style, this was a grave disappointment.

The girls from Bananarama agree with a round of gigles, as they sit perched on the edge of a quickly built 'stage', waiting to do their rehearsal for that night's LIVE! Pebble Mill *Six Fifty-Five* performance.

Sally James was there, and she soon came up and said something to us that none of us heard but which indicated that Bananaramas were required on stage very soon.

They then mime through 'Shy Boy', Siobhan (the Bananarama who John Waller accurately describes as "The cutesie one with that itsy bitsy divine little dimple on her chin; oh, she's lovelee!") the only one of the three showing any sign of life, winking at corners in such a skilful way that each time she did it, it actually made me scan the corner in question in search of a secret boyfriend lurking in the shadows. I was sort of jealous, I suppose.

Mime over, Sally James does a mock interview with somebody who *isn't* Alan 'The Famous Film Director And If I Were Him *I'd* Like A Round Of Applause' Parker, but who is from the studio and acts as a butt for Ms James' 'run through'. Which is glib and rather rude and not at all like it turned out at six fifty-five LIVE! on your TV screens.

No, not much Soul of any variety about. We adjourn yawning to the quaintly freezing dressing room, Sarah signing an autograph for a red-faced man in a peaked cap as we turn the corridor corner.

★ ★ ★

Things to feel and know: Bananaramas are nowhere nears as old as they look on the screen. They seem about 27 there, but in 'real life' they look about 18 to 19 year olds.

They are very small in height, something they share with Dollars, giving, I think, a charming puppet-like quality to the best, of which Bananarama certainly are part, of the 'new pop' whatever that is.

They are prettier than you might imagine too, although the odd spot is covered heftily with lotions (more 'real life' revelatory stuff). Sarah, who you might think lanky and podgy but isn't, is given to picking her nose while on camera, something she did in Birmingham and which Slattery and I, wags to the last, laughed at with much guffawing.

Points to know and think about and realise:

The Banarama story is a question. The central part of the quest(ion) goes something like, 'Bananarama have appeal because . . .'

To fill in the dots is to get to the heart of the matter.

Bananarama, previously considered unfashionable in a world of ABC/Associates and the rest, have been part of a handful of singles now that NEED GOING INTO — they've been so good.

At the very least, in a world fixed between poles as far apart as Blondie and the Au Pairs (roughly speaking, the axis of 'Women In Rock', yeech) Bananarama are a smart little wiff of reality.

Indefinable, apparently distinctionless (talentless? No, that's too cruel for Waller and me), unpredictable, detached, clumsy, 'wide-eyed' — Bananarama get past your categorising and enter your heart. This matters a great deal.

Above all, Bananarama's appeal lies in a kind of DIY-ness (a dry DIY.) It's the huge gap between the stony old Tamla-type tunes the girls sing, and the rather loopy, failed, sophisticated and essentially indifferent way the girls who are Bananarama sing them. This is the gap you can't help falling in to. It shows that Bananaramas are essentially twisted, not quite what they should be.

Bananarama tunes are about contradictions. And to paraphrase Mao, contraditions are always healthy things, they set you working.

The Bananarama quest was like Slattery searching, madly, for 'Mr Smith's Garden', something that Pebble Mill also 'supposedly houses but which we couldn't seem to find for weeds and unkempt areas of grass.

And they could have done with some of the manure that was, verbally, in abundance inside the LIVE! five-to-seven set.

★ ★ ★

"I used to think, 'Hey it'd be great appearing on TV? But we've found it so cold and so disappointing . . .

"Every time we go on I think, I'll go really wild this time, but once the camera starts closing in on you, you find you've no space to move in, even to sway to and fro in.

"And the interviews — they always ask the same things. The 'Are you working with the Fun Boy Three' question ALWAYS has to come. We just try to smile and answer politely."

The Bananaramas are doing enough press and general media 'work' to make their heads spin. I wonder if they're ever tempted to, Richard Strange-like, break down and start, on the air, demanding to talk about . . . real matters?

Siobhan, who's a bit separate from the other two, and who's the definite spokes, er . . . PERSON: "I suppose we'd like to, and we should. Really . . ."

That would be . . . really saying something (sic)? Bananarama don't need to, because they get it across in their tunes in a way I've seen grown men go all soupy-eyed over. I don't THINK it's sexist, though certainly half the 'appeal of Bananarama is . . .' is because they're rather shy girls (sic sic etc).

I found this out (assumes Alan Wicker voice), to my cost:

We are huddled in the BBC dressing room. I am rather disconcerted by being, frankly, faced by three girls who I don't quite take up as SHY at this juncture, and so their private giggling kind of stitches me up. The first interview is a disaster.

Siobhan: "The reason we say we're not feminists is because we see feminists generally going in the extreme, opposite direction and hating men. That's as chauvinist as male chauvinism is!"

Sarah, the shyest but with dry-wit-aplenty: "When they say we've 'girl next door appeal', that's even better than them saying we're feminists in our eyes, quite frankly."

Siobhan, beautiful when she's angry: "Just because we're three nice looking girls, THEY think we're playing on it. We've been called Wankerama, people think we're just titillating an audience. That sort of thing is such RUBBISH!"

They recount their lack of sophistication. Sarah says every time they try to get a dance routine going, it ends in hilarious disaster.

The Sarah/Keren relationship seems rather fortunate, or unfortunate, whichever way you see it. They've known each other since they were knee high (about six inches?) and Sarah says every time she glimpses out of the corner of her eye Keren singing . . . "I just can't stop myself giggling!"

They say they're aware they haven't great voices ("If we were solo singers we'd be walking disasters!) but agree that their combined effort is more than pleasing. But the dressing room interview ends in a pile of rubbish on the floor.

We are stuck in sexism/feminism/chauvinism/male pigism. Everything but George Chisholm, and HE was probably in the next dressing room. Exit all to Sally and her mob.

It is Siobhan finally herself who take the chauvinist bull by the horns, and sits cosily opposite me in the BCC canteen, efficient and bright-eyed:

"Your voices have a transcendental appeal to men. Don't laugh . . .

"When we started out it was really funny, cos we KNEW we were going to be successful. We'd such a complete lack of ability then, a year ago, and we sort of filled that gap up so soon we just knew things were going to happen.

"At the time, we were fed up with the doomy sounds around. Fed up with going to gigs too and seeing the same old thing. We loved American disco, and it's funny that that now too is in the charts alongside us.

"We used to just turn up and ask if we could play support at pub gigs. Nobody was ever prepared for us and that kind of GOT PAST people's critical faculties I suppose."

That's what you're good at.

"Yeah, but it's hideous to think we're really such shy girls! I used to physically shake before I'd appear at a pub gig. I still do a bit. That's half the fun. The adrenalin."

Perhaps it is sexist, but the 'appeal of Bananarama is . . .' the appeal of shy girls.

"But WE think boys like us because we're raucous looking, don't they?"

I disagree. You look disinterested, clumsy, embarrassed . . .

"It's so interesting, isn't it?! I think what IT is, is that people can't find anything to attack in us. And why the hell should they? When we're doing it cos we enjoy it so much?"

Exactly. You're feminine optimism. And these days males DO always go first for the negative points. Especially towards girls!

"None of us follow groups. Because we found that groups let you down always . . . We keep our distance from the music business too. They're all so wrapped up in it! They can't seem to talk about anything else. I tell you, that could be it, we've hit the nail on the head, Dave! Other groups, musicians if you like, they tend to spend ages trying to get better, so much so that they lose contact with what people want to hear.

"But we're like music fans ourselves, we're as much in a way consumers as anybody else."

You must feel very proud though. 'Really Saying Something', that song said more than could ever be 'said' on a dozen Au Pairs LPs, unfortunately.

"Yeah, but the Au Pairs probably don't know what's in the charts, they'd never listen to the radio, they probably tour a lot and get flagged out, they wouldn't go to discos, they probably can't even dance!

"We've had it so often: Oh, it must be difficult being Women In Rock. Dave, it's as easy as pie! The only difference is — that men, boys, would have been too cool to do a song like 'Shy Boy', that's all.

"People who are intimidated by us most are people in the music business. Because we keep our distance from them, and also cos we tend to be very shy, as you found when we meet people. We go into a huddle . . ."

Good IRISH word, 'huddle', bringing to light the fact that there's a strong Oirish flavour to Bananaramas, extending even to the fact that their boyfriends are former Belfast-based Starjets to a man — people who once decided to beat me up on Euston station at half eight in the morning. Not shy boys at all. Go on Siobhan . . .

"Hey, do you know the second line in 'Boy Trouble' has the phrase *'soapy bubble'* That's Belfast slang for *'trouble'* we just FELL ABOUT for half an hour in tears when we wrote that.

★ ★ ★

The other two, very much still a team, then appear. They immediately tuck into healthy portions of fried egg, chips and beans, Sarah wiping the grease ("We really want to do a musical like Grease" — Siobhan) with a paper cloth from under her, admittedly greasy egg. I will never forget that for some reason.

Sarah was spotted in 'Top Shop' in London the other day. She snarls:

"It was really embarassing. I was surrounded by these grinning TEENAGE SCHOOL KIDS. And I was with me boyfriend too. 'Oo, that's HER out of Bananarama', they said. Then there's always this great gaping silence, like they expect you to entertain them or something. Awful . . ."

But you do revel in it, don't you?

A bean drips from Keren's heavily made-up cheek.

"Course we do!"

★ ★ ★

Bananarama have performed their routine. Sarah waves impishly into the panning-off camera. Sally James and old Alan Parker have apparently fallen asleep.

We head back to A Room for after-telly drinkies (dreadfully hard work, what what?), while snot covered 12-year-old boys with moony faces are turned away with BBC pitchforks. And all they want is Siobhan's autograph!

One of them sneaks into the drinkie poo room though, and Siobhan, the angel, thrills me by leaning on my briefcase (Brent Cross reduction sale, price 14 pounds 99) like Calamity Jane, summing up so much of Bananarama, to sign for him.

Suddenly a shout goes up. It's Slattery. He points out the opposite facing window and there, miracle-like, is a gleaming green-house, a few plants and various shrubs looking in at us.

It's 'Mr Smith's' very own patch of green. As Alan Parker tucks into another corned beef sandwich, we clamber over him to get a better view.

DRAGON: AFTER THE BALL IS OVER

Michael Delaney in Sydney talks with Marc & Todd Hunter and Robert Taylor

It took awhile, at first the odds weren't in their favour, but finally, Dragon became the right band at the right time in exactly the right place. After Skyhooks and Sherbet. Before Australian Crawl, Men At Work, Mi-Sex et al. Dragon, by name and nature, was *THE* pop band of the latter seventies. Coiffed by Peter Dawkins' production, their music straddled both arenas: it was light, melodic and concise and effortlessly fulfilled all of AM radio's mild-mannered requirements; it was also clever, rousing, unpredictable and quite feisty, and underneath the 'pop' sheen, a bona-fide rock 'n' roll band with a real cutting edge could be sensed straining at its lease.

'Live', Dragon was not the pop dream their most successful singles lead you to believe. They were a tough, at times magnificently salacious hard-rock maelstrom bristling with passion and invective. They were also one of the most inconsistent bands in the land, but, at first, that only added to their appeal.

Dragon came at an interesting time. They weren't the boys next door like Sherbet, and they weren't cheeky like the 'Hooks. Dragon had a certain sense of menace, a special arrogance, a sense of recklessness. They had an uneasy cease-fire with the mores of mainstream pop that threatened almost at any time to breakdown into full scale warfare. It was a 24-hour alert, and Dragon (circa '76 - '78) kept everybody on their toes.

They dressed up and played the game, but the white suits, streaked hair, para-military chic, their ability to utilize both the camera and the recording studio, didn't really hide the truth. There was too much anger, too much fire. Their pop compromise was its own pressure cooker, and as the hits mounted, it became apparent that, at some stage, almost inevitably, it was going to blow. And carnivores that they were, that we all are, when that time came, they fell on each other and then searched unsuccessfully for a new chemistry, a new magic.

The charisma went with exiled frontman Marc Hunter. He was the one with the glint in his eye and all the right moves. He was the voice. He was the face. Most of all, he was the one who seemed to epitomize the band's volatility. He had the flair, the panache, the presence. In many ways, he was Dragon, and when he was no longer deemed essential, he created a void that the refurbished unit was unable to fill.

Dragon's demise was long-winded and messy. Mostly, it was sad. Years later, they're still sorting through the debris - one of the main reasons behind their brief reunion tour through August. But one mustn't forget. Even though things have changed and moved on, Dragon was contemporary at a time when nobody else quite seemed to know what to do. Dragon knew who they were and what they were doing at a time when almost no-one else had a clue.

This matters, and so does the best of the musics they made: the albums *"Sunshine"*, *"Running Free"* and *"O Zambezi"*; the singles "This Time", "Are You Old Enough?", "Still in Love With You", "Get That Jive" and so on.

Take me to the April sun in Cuba.....

★ ★ ★ ★

Dragon had a very volatile, almost self-destructive element in its personnel. Do you think things may have changed?

M: I don't think anybody's changed very much. I don't know whether we were individually volatile or whether the band's chemistry was slightly haywire. It was one of those strange mixtures of personalities. Everyone was quite perverse and fed off each other. You know what it's like being in a band: You're pissed off, but rather than be pissed off with everyone in the band, you just claw the nearest person on the outside. I was like that all the time.

Do you think this volatility contributed to Dragon's demise?

R: Dragon was the band that played the biggest jokes, on both its audiences and the media, but the biggest jokes were always played on the members of the band. When the band was strong and had a manager, the jokes were con-

Dragon

Pics by Lloyd James

"I don't think anybody's changed very much. I don't know whether we were individually volatile or whether the band's chemistry was slightly haywire. Everyone was quite perverse and fed off each other." (Marc Hunter)

"It just hits you that Dragon in its last year was basically together to pay off the Dragon before it." (Robert Taylor)

"It was just a shit band. I found myself thinking, 'God! I wouldn't stay here for five minutes if I'd paid to see this band." (Todd Hunter)

trollable, but then it got a bit out of control and we got very physically worn down. We lost our edge mentally and lost a lot of humour. If you lose your sense of humour, life gets very sordid on the road.

When we asked Marc to leave the band, it was an attempt to inject a bit of new blood into it. We kept going for another 18 months after that, without Marc, to diminishing returns. Overnight, we weren't the big band that we thought we were.

What went wrong? A lot of people felt that, without Marc, the band no longer had charisma.

R: I think that's true to a certain extent, but there were a lot of other things involved as well. Paul and I both stopped writing songs. We could barely come up with three songs for the "*Powerplay*" album, and they weren't some of the best I've written. Paul wasn't writing singles any more. Dragon turned into a bit of a muso's band, and that's fatal in Australia. You've got to have either a sharp image, boy next door, or, well . . . There are certain things you have to do in Australian rock music to get through, and we didn't really do any of them.

What exactly do you mean?

R: I wouldn't have a clue! If I did, I'd do them and make a fortune.

Marc seemed to bear the brunt of all Dragon's problems.

R: Out of all of us, Marc was the most tired. When you're a singer in a rock 'n' roll band - singing is a very physical thing - if you get tired, your throat gets buggered, and there's only so much you can do. We were working incredibly hard after we came back from America, and if you're an instrumentalist, you can always go back and practise to help yourself rejuvenate. There are ways to avoid the tiredness, but you can't do that with your throat. Get yourself out of it every night before you go on stage and you'll still be able to play your instrument in some sort of robot fashion, but if you're a front man, you can't be a robot. I think Marc got so bloody tired that we turned him into a satire of ourselves.

Towards the end, Dragon had become very cynical, very jaded with the whole thing.

R: After you've had the shit kicked out of you touring America and you come back to Australia and it's straight back on the same old wheel - tour so you can set up another sales figure so that the Americans can decide whether or not you're worth taking over there again - we basically just lost heart. Life isn't all rock 'n' roll. You get involved in lots of other things. At that stage in Dragon, the band was drawing energy out of me that I thought was just turning the whole thing into a job. Rock 'n' roll isn't a job not to me anyway. That's probably why I won't ever be a professional at it. It's not a job, it's a dream.

The idea of Dragon re-forming has a certain magic to me. I miss everything. I think everyone's a lot fitter than they were when the band broke up, mentally and physically.

There was always a fairly high profile drug spectre surrounding Dragon.

R: I think there are more spectres hung over Dragon than just drugs. Every story that I've heard about Dragon's excesses are mostly in the wrong direction. There were certain other excesses. You care to ask me about Dragon? I can't remember 'cos I was drunk half the time!

As time went by, you gradually realize how you were just sitting in a hotel room waiting to play for 75 minutes in some whorey old pub to an audience that, well, they were there to be entertained for sure, but you were waiting for that 75 minutes, and sometimes, if you were a man on the road, that 75 minutes seemed like 48 hours, so you filled the time up with whatever: over-indulgent sex, over-indulgent shop-lifting, over-indulgent drinking, over-indulgent sleep.... Every excess, not just drugs.

Do you think things have changed, now that you've reformed, albeit briefly?

R: Due to the brevity of the thing, you're prepared to put much more into it. It's not a long road stretching ahead. It's a bit more controlled. We're a bit more in control of our own goals. We're getting together again as a goal. Do it one more time. See if it's still working. See if the magic's still there. If there *was* a magic.

We're not a cynical band in the sense that, if we're cynical, how the hell did we put up with starving on $5 a week in Bondi Junction for three years? People tend to forget that Drago was only big for eighteen months, and we were here for *five* years! So the media and the public think you're stars, but whatever it was that kept the band together, it certainly wasn't money. We only earnt it for that eighteen months.

There's been a lot of rumours concerning the band's mismanagement.

R: Mismanagement doesn't come into it. We were a company. We were sitting around a table discussing everything with our manager, whom we all trusted. We made our own decisions, essentially.

Things like the band touring America with Johnny Winter for six weeks was a case of a group having this carrot dangled over its future for a year. First, we were going to America to support ELO, second off to support Heart, third to support Styx. You start organizing your personal life, organizing the band, and finally someone says, well, you're off to America — with Johnny Winter. What are you going to do? Are you going to say no? We said yes.

Was the American tour a mistake?

R: I think it was a mistake. Our record was selling in Boston, and we went to *Texas*! Obviously it wasn't well planned by the record company, but at the same time, it was our fault for going. We should have stayed in Australia. We should have stayed off the road, gone into the studio and worked on our "*Sgt. Peppers*".

After the initial rise, it seemed the band stopped communicating with each other.

R: I think what happened around the time of "*April Sun In Cuba*" was that people in the band could actually afford *not* to communicate with each other, and that was a beautiful luxury because we'd been living in each other's pockets for years. I started to assemble some sort of private life, but there's no way you lose touch with guys in the band if you're playing with them 5 nights a week. It's just that we didn't have to sit around a table with one bottle of scotch and a guitar to keep us entertained. We had the money to go out and eat, which was a nice change, so we did that.

Communication probably got a bit stiffed in the bum when we got too tired to talk. I was in the band longer than Marc. The Richard Rodgers Dragon was a nightmare Marc didn't have to go through!

Could you elaborate?

R: When your album sells 6,000 as opposed to the platinums and golds that we were getting before, it became really tough yakka again driving up to Brisbane in a spastic wagon. It just hit you that Dragon in its last year was basically together to pay for the Dragon before it.

What was so demoralizing about the American tour?

R: Well, being put on the road with Johnny Winter was quite wrong. Our album sold quite well in Boston and we didn't go anywhere near it. We went through the mid-West. I remember playing Armadillo Headquarters and this guy came up to me and said, "Trouble with you guys is that your music's too black." I said, "What do you mean? Johnny Winter is playing a Robert Johnson blues!" He said, "That's not black music, that's Texas music." The next night we started doing a slow blues.

We were a powerpop band. That was the main problem. That's what we were good at. We dressed up, did pop songs, and faced all these rednecks wearing "Deerhunter" uniforms swilling flagons of bourbon! As we went through the States, we thought that it'd change, but it didn't. Johnny Winter attracted *his* audience, wherever we played. Even in 'Frisco and L.A., there were just these big caboose drivers wanting a 24 hour fast blues solo. It was all so anti-climatic.

We waited to go to the States, with ELO, Heart, Styx, and then we ended up playing with Johnny Winter, a f....d out old junkie. Eighteen bottles of Blue Nun before they even hit the stage! It's just demoralizing. America's so big, we thought we'd have to spend six years just going 'round and 'round.

If the band hadn't developed other things, as in private lives, we would have stayed in America and cleaned up, but we had other things back here.

Marc wanted to stay in America. He thought we should have just been as outrageous as possible and cut through all the crap, just become notorious. Make headlines. There were four years where we could have done something really outrageous. He was thinking totally differently to everyone else.

The band miscalculated returning to Australia?

M: Definitely. I pleaded with everyone in Los Angeles and said, 'Stay *here*". I just about broke down in tears.

What did you find so appealing about America that made you wish to remain?

M: I didn't find *anything* about America appealing. I just found it totally unappealing, a waste of six years of my life, to have to return to Australia. I didn't want to have to come back, work some more, save up, just to go back. I mean, we were *there*. I wanted to get there, stay there and *work*.

Some groups have found it quite feasible to live in Australia and tour overseas.

M: I don't care about them! I really felt it, with what I had left to feel. We should have *stayed* there. We came back to Australia and did kangaroo gigs around the country, and I really didn't feel we needed to learn anything more about that!

Relations with your record company became very strained after the American tour.

R: No, not really, not particularly. After Marc left, we went into the studio to cut the "*Powerplay*" album and had a good time doing it. It came out and wasn't included in the CBS Xmas promotion programme, so it didn't really go any further than that.

Do you rate "*Powerplay*" as a strong album?

R: It certainly wasn't a good pop album. We'd spent six years training the public to expect that sort of thing, and if you're going to manipulate like that, then you've got to deliver what you promise.

"Love's Not Good Enough" and "Counting Sheep" were very strong singles in a pop context.

R: We had four fantastic songs on that album.

Both of the *Powerplay* singles, the first two at least, were so close to the style of the Marc Hunter Dragon, but they just didn't have the vocal edge to pull it all together. It sounded like something was missing. Good performances, but . . .

R: I just got tired of it. I've got tapes of the band that I listen to now, and they just knock me out! They're so good. Some nights I can't even remember playing and yet I hear it on tape and I was in tune!

M: I got tired of it before anyone else because I was involved in various self-destructive things.

Audiences really seem to relish that element of a performer's character. In some ways, that's what they come to see.

M: I don't think so. I was doing things basically for my own amusement. I just ran out of things to amuse myself.

What's the group consensus on the new tour?

M: To tell you the truth, we were so professional about it that we haven't even had a talk. I think it's gone past that stage. It's the thing to do, so you do it. It feels like a good idea. It's all on the surface now.

Do you think it might confuse people somewhat that, at this point in your solo career, you suddenly decide to go back on the road with Dragon?

M: I don't know. I hope they'll be able to feel the difference. I work hard doing the things I do and I'm going to continue to work hard at it. The tour with Dragon is just the easiest way out of so many situations.

Is this brief reformation in order to pay off Dragon's debts?

M: That was the original idea. We had a letter from a creditor which said, "You creeps, pay us the money we're owed," and we thought, "Oh God!" There really wasn't any panic about it because Todd and I had a company which precluded us..

From being personally responsible?

M: Yeah. That was the basic idea, but we got together and thought, well, the easiest way out of it, rather than going through a whole lot of legal manouevres, is probably to do a tour. It's not all that substantial an amount, so we said we'd do a week. That was then expanded into a month, so, now the primary reason is not to pay off debts, but to have a laugh, go on the road and possibly *make* a bit of bread as well.

How long has the tour been on the cards?

M: About a month. We haven't seen very much of each other since the band broke up, and every time the three of us got together we thought, "Gee, it would be fun to do this again." You naturally start laughing about things that happened. It's only funny in retrospect, and you think, well, it *would* be nice to do it again. I mean, we'll find out . . .

Your records were never very indicative of the band's live sound. That must have created quite a bit of conflict?

T: By the time of 'Are You Old Enough", the joke had worn thin. Paul was aiming at a huge Phil Spector/Ronettes sort of sound, which the song could've supported really beautifully. It was a real Phil Spector number, but he didn't have the gumption to make it sound like that. There was a lot of bitching about Peter Dawkins, but none of *us* knew how to do it.

Peter had the right idea. He knocked off the rough edges of whatever our indulgent ideas were. He was very skilful actually. That's why he's still working.

I'm looking forward to the new tour; I think it should be quite interesting. Quite enjoyable. Quite short.

The brevity makes it appealing?

T: Definitely! For 4 weeks? Sure! Any longer than that makes it too much of a commitment.

And you're not prepared to commit yourself?

T: Oh no! I don't think *anybody* is!

You've been very critical of Dragon in the past.

T: We were f...d before we went to America. Absolutely. It just wasn't happening live. The recorded sound was dreadful. It wasn't the *sound* it was the *playing*. It wasn't smooth enough or rough enough. I just think it was bad. It was just a shit band. I found myself thinking, "God! I wouldn't stay here for five minutes if I'd paid to see *this* band."

What frustrated you most about the recorded sound?

T: Overall, the product was good, but there were just too many specifics that came out wooden. We did some demos by ourselves that we really liked, that didn't help our attitude at all!

M: I admire Peter Dawkins. He makes fantastic pop singles. I think the discrepancy in taste arose because Peter produced pop singles which were fairly compact and compressed and sounded good on a radio, in mono and the band live sounded much rockier and raunchier.

There was this thing with the band saying we sound much bigger, much rockier on stage, why don't we sound like that on record? But Peter was right in that he made commercial singles. He made commercial mixes for us. I mean, that's what we *were*, a pop band. So he was right. There were just sour grapes on our part.

Do you think the band may have lasted longer if you'd been involved in your own production?

M: It may have lasted longer, but it wouldn't have been as successful. I don't know. I guess the band suffered from television in regards to its own product. Peter Dawkins did know best, in fact. He knew what was commercial and what wasn't. He knew how to take advantage of it. I don't think we did.

Why were you fired from the band?

M: I was being fairly obnoxious. I was tired of playing the part I was playing. I think that's to be expected because, originally, the things we used to do on stage weren't structured at all. They were just the results of high spirits, and after awhile, you found people were coming to see you be high spirited.

That's exactly what I meant earlier on. People like a spectacle.

M: If you didn't feel like being high spirited, you took a drink. And then, four years down the road, you're drinking two bottles of scotch before you go on stage. It's something that develops, you know?

I think I was becoming fairly obnoxious, and the band was becoming more interested in doing a different sort of music than just pop, and since I was the thing that was most identifiably pop, it was time for me to move on.

You parted ways with Dragon during a media backlash against your apparent excesses. You didn't appear to be well-liked by the industry at the time.

M: I don't know very much about people or their reactions, except that people usually resent the things about others that they would like to do themselves but don't.

R: Marc got blamed as a figurehead of Dragon. There were people in the band far ruder to people in the industry than Marc ever was. Marc was forced to wear it all.

M: I was usually nice to them.

R: Yeah. Marc was quite the opposite! He was extremely professional. People like the drummer and me really blew it.

What do you remember most of the heyday Dragon?

M: I don't remember anything very much, the heyday is something which sort of passed by me while I thought it was still growing. For about a year, there was a feeling of five or six people who were imposing the one idea on a mass of people, and that's a wonderful feeling.

R: Like I said before, I was 50 percent of the time drunk. My fondest memory was a roadie shooting off a Winchester rifle in a motel room in NSW one morning. That was perfect! He was trying to blow away one of the support band 's he'd stolen somebody's girlfriend. That ly summed it up!

Which of the three Dragon albums cut with Marc was most representative of the band?

M: "*Sunshine*". It's the best 'cos it expresses what the band was before we started thinking about royalty splits.

That played a substantial role in the eventual demise of the band.

M: I can't speak for anyone else, but I started feeling pissed off that I was basically doing the Paul Hewson promotion tour. Paul wrote most of the songs and would get a $40,000 cheque at the end of the year and $100,000 in royalties over two years when the whole band was paying all the expenses and not making any money on the road. Basically, we were promoting Paul's songs.

It got down to 'what am I doing this for? I must be doing it for Paul'. If anything else had existed, some sort of group feeling that we could have deluded ourselves with for a bit longer, it wouldn't have cropped up. It's just that everything else was stripped away, and you had to think, 'What the f..k am I doing this for?'

R: "This Time" was the only song where the band got a credit. That's one of the songs that most people still associate Dragon with. Why wasn't it a hit? Broke your heart. That's the only song that the band wrote all together.

M: I saw Peter Cupples do it the other night on TV. He said, "This is for Paul Huston, a great Australian songwriter!"

R: *Huston*? F..k, he almost got it right!

What's in the pipeline for solo Marc Hunter?

M: I'm doing a new album which I think will be really good. I'm working hard and starting to make money on the road, for the first time in ages getting full houses, so I'm really pleased. It's been three years of crap.

Is it taking you any longer to establish yourself as a solo performer than you expected?

M: No. I knew it would take a long time because people would identify me really heavily with Dragon. I identify myself really heavily with Dragon, so I had to work out what I did as opposed to what other people did. That took years, so I've only really been working at it since the *Big City Tour* last year.

Do you consider the "*Fiji Bitter*" album to be a false-start?

M: It was a bit of a wank off. It wasn't really a false-start. I just got offered the chance to do it, so I did it. I didn't promote it too well. I just took off. I did three weeks on the road before I got sick of it. It felt just like being in Dragon again. I went away and stopped everything for a year.

Why did you sever the CBS contract?

M: I think I was just tired. It was like an old family. I'd been with them for five or six years and familiarity breeds contempt. You walk into the offices and they think, 'Oh shit, not this dickwit again. I have to talk to *him*!'

Are you pleased with "Nothing But A Lie..?"

M: I think Dave's done a very professional job on it. It was his song. I couldn't conceive it any other way. It was his song, his rules, and there was a lot to the things you can think of for other people's projects. I mean, the way it turned out was the way Dave obviously heard it in his head. Who am I to say it should have a bassoon?

What can we expect from your new album?

M: It's not like the last two. '*Big City Talk*' was like remaking "*Fiji Bitter*". I was experimenting with a whole different set of song structures, doing a ballad and then doing hard rock, doing really wimpy songs and then doing quite heady songs.

That approach seems to be a direct extention from Dragon. You could never pin-point Dragon. I think that's one of the band's qualities that most excited people: the group's elusiveness.

M: But it's not what it takes to be commercially successful. When Dragon got signed to Portrait Records in the States, I swear they thought they were going to get the Guess Who of the eighties! We were very up ourselves at that stage anyway, but they certainly didn't get Guess Who!

The next album'll be much more direct and focused. What's happening with the new one is that they've just chosen... For example, out of the ten tracks on the last album, they've just chosen two, and the songs on the new one'll be written within the boundaries of those two songs.

Todd, why did XL Capris split? "*Weeds*" was a truly excellent album...

T: The band got too far away from the original idea. 'Got a bit straight. "*Weeds*" was a pretty straight album as far as I'm concerned. It was okay. I thought "*Where Is Hank*" was better.

"*Weeds*" was far more accessible. The songs were more structured.

T: I don't know if the XL's deserved to be taken in that direction.

Surely the band itself is responsible for its own direction?

T: It wasn't pushing in any direction. That's the way it happened. It was good that it finished because Errol and Michael are now in Tactics, Jo's in Sardine and everyone's doing different things, and that's a good thing.

XL's had a hard time with record companies, so I believe...

T: It got very hard. We got manouevred through a series of record companies and we couldn't do anything about it 'cos of assignment clauses and that sort of stuff, so we just stopped it rather than continue with a situation which we didn't have enough control over.

"I was being fairly obnoxious. I was tired of playing the part I was playing. I was doing things basically for my own amusement." (Marc Hunter)

London Calling

with JILLIAN HUGHES.

The Cat with Nine Lives

Former pop star Cat Stevens, these days known by his name of Yusuf Islam, returned briefly to the spotlight recently. It was not in a musical capacity. He opened the Mind-Body-Spirit Festival's at the city's Olympia where throughout the week, such activities as transendental meditation, phychic phenomenon and alternate forms of living were hammered via lectures, demonstrations, 150 stalls and "intensives". It attracted both these with interest in resourcefulness and technique, and those who were, quite frankly, eccentric.

Yusuf opened the proceedings, sitting cross legged on a worship mat, leading the audience in prayer for "the ability to pursue the truth and discover the meaning of our existence, the way of peace and surrender to the Holy Will."

Then, for $2.50 a head, he spoke about his own conversion, when born in the East End as the son of a struggling Cypriot resteraunteur, he felt that becoming a pop star was the easiest way out to riches.

In the mid-'60s he had a series of pop singles including "I'm Gonna Get Me A Gun", Matthew & Son" and "Bad Night". His natural good looks made him an instant heart-throb. But the high pressure living and touring schedules led to him contracting TB and a lengthy stay in hospital. It was here that he began to consider the hereafter and began to read about high consciousness.

He came back to the scene a singer/songwriter, soft and sentimental, and making some of the best albums of the early Seventies. A strong religious streak ran through his songs, as he questioned both present society ("Where Do The Children Play", "Father And Son", "But I Might Die Tonight") and such metaphysical issues as transcendental meditation ("Miles From Nowhere"), LSD spirituality ("Into White"), Christianity ("The Boy With The Moon And Stars On His Head), while the later albums delved into Buddha, I-Ching, astrology and numerology.

By the mid-Seventies his stance as a sex symbol had begun to dissatisfy him: his music deliberately became less complex and his record sales dropped drastically.

The Big Changeover came when he nearly drowned on a Californian beach, he told the assembled. He found himself yelling in panic, "Oh God, If you save me, I'll work for you." Seconds later, a wave came from behind and pushed him forward to safety.

He says he started to question religion, and then came across the Muslim Bible, known as *The Koran*. It instantly answered his questions, he says. "It was like nothing I'd ever read before, and like no human hand had written. I found within the book everything I'd always believed instinctively."

Like any convert, Yusaf Islam seems to have blindly accepted all the teachings of a set religious creed without even questioning anything. But certainly during the question-answer period when some of the interested came up with some tricky questions he handled it all with the charm and aplomb (not to mention fast footwork) that he showed during his press conference days of old.

Why are Muslims fighting in Iran? "People are infallible and may misinterpret or fail to live up to the Prophet's teachings". Why are women still considered second class? "The mother is the queen of the house." Why must a women cover her face? "So she will not tempt hungry eyes or idolatous looks and become a person in her own rights."

And then, of course, there was the biggie, where anyone who didn't follow his religion would end up in the flames of Hell. Little wonder why every week sees three new conversions in London.

Yusuf has absolutely no intention of returning to music. Some months ago he auctioned off his instruments and donated it to the upkeep of the city's largest mosque, at Regents Park, where about a thousand attend to worship every week.

Now the latest noos is the 33-year old is to open a restaurant — to be built on the site of that owned by his Cypriot-born father, in New Oxford Street. In keeping with the Muslim tradition it will not serve pork or alcohol.

Yusuf Islam says that he is not sure when it'll open but it'll be just before Christmas. But then Cat has a lot on his mind these days: as reported before, the Inland Revenue Service has just hit him with a bill of $800,000 plus interest, for unpaid taxes.

A recent compilation LP of Stevens' work reached No. 1 in Australia — ed.

★ ★ ★

Open air festivals could well be threatened by a bill that's being put through parliment to be turned into law. The Licensing Of Public Entertainment Bill gives local councils authority to license rock festivals and gives them the right to impose conditions in four separate areas. They can refuse a license on the grounds of (a) public safety (b) public hygeine (c) access for emergency vehicles (d) prevention of "unreasonable" noise disturbance to people living in an area where a festival is being staged.

The government says that the bill will regulate the quality of a festival "but does not allow (a local council) to prohibit a pop festival just because it does not like them as a class." Just how local councils who just don't like rock festivals are going to be prevented from laying down "unreasonable and unobtainable" conditions is something that remains unclear.

If that's not enough, Ian Sproat, Under Secretary of State for Trade, has announced in the House of Commons that the Government is considering a levy on blank tapes. He cited BPI figures that home piracy last year resulted in lost sales of $615 million, and added "I take the matter seriously."

★ ★ ★

Pop band Fan Club getting a bit of national attention — but only because drummer Eddie has become engaged to the late actor Peter Seller's daughter, Sarah.

★ ★ ★

Richard Butler previewed the new Psychedelic Furs album *Forever Now* with a solo performance at the Camden Palace with the help of backing tapes. Marc Almond was cheering him on from the side of the stage.

★ ★ ★

A postscript to the stink about the imported Jam single (see 'Pulse'), the next Jam single is entitled "The Bitterest Pill" due out next month.

★ ★ ★

Maddness are currently negotiating to guest as players and actors on the popular TV soap opera *The Guiding Light*.

America Calling

with TAMARA HANDIL.

The Gun Club — High Firing Band of Calibre

The Gun Club's leader, 22-year-old Jeffrey Lee Pierce stands out in any crowd. Peroxided blonde hair, tiny bells on his wrist, bandana around his forehead, a crucifix on his cheek and bright red lipstick. The Gun Club are one of the most original of the L.A. punk bands. The band has just been signed to Blondie leader Chris Stein's Animal label.

Late last year they put out an album on Ruby Records called *Rub Of Love*. Onstage, they charge through songs with titles like "Fire Spirit", "Sex Beat", "Ghost On The Highway", "She's Like Heroin To Me", a song called "Preaching The Blues" which is a reworking of the Robert Johnson blues standard, a reworking of Creedences "Run Through The Jungle" where he makes up the words because he can't understand Fogerty on the record and "For the Love Of Ivy" which was co-written with one of the Cramps, Kid Congo, an original member of the Gun Club.

The music is swamp rock, voodoo child music. Great new American music.

The Gun Club burst out in the '77/'78 punk scene of L.A., a creative, if small scene; in the mid-60s during the first American punk era, a lot of bands like Psychedlic Lollipop and Balloj Farm had also come from this area.

"It was supposed to be a friendly scene," says Jeffrey with a scrowl "but it was just as bitchy and spiteful as any scene. The Runaways screwed it up for the L.A. scene in a lot of ways. They were so f-ing horrible and everyone saw them as the big L.A. band and got turned right off."

Jeffrey comes from El Paso, Texas; his father was a Baptist but his mother brought him up a Catholic. His sister's boyfriend had a drum set, and after bashing around on that for some time, he got together with a local character called Phast Phreddie. They were known as the Precisions and could play just one song, "Ooby Dooby", full of feedback and bad drumming.

They played once for an audience: they heard there was a party on, called the house and as the people passed the telephone around, played on the phone. The band broke up not long after.

Jeffrey then moved to New York City because he was sick of L.A.'s plasticity. New York wasn't much better because there was so much violence — he got into so many street fights because of the way he looked — but he hated L.A. even more so he stayed there. He worked for the Blondie fan club, writing fanzines and dabbled in two bands, E-Types and Red Lights. Then there was a spell in Miami working in an Old People's home; around this time, he met up with Haitians who introduced him to voodoo music and religion.

That was followed by a spell in Jamaica (more street fights), New Orleans and Texas where he worked on songs for their first album. "It was such a Spanish speaking area and when you can't speak that lingo, you throw yourself into writing songs."

Finally a girlfriend sent him the bus fare to get back to Hollywood. He met the Cramps' Kid Congo (a Ramones fan club president) at a party the Kid threw: a rockabilly wiseacre tried to humiliate Jeffrey in front of everybody else, and Jeffrey threw him down the stairs and sent him to hospital. It freaked everyone, but Kid and Jeffrey became close friends and decided to form a band.

"The name was suggested by Keith of the Circle Jerks *(another popular L.A. punk band — ed)* because it was anti all these stupid arty bands that were around at the time. Our biggest influences were Metal Machine Music and John Coltrane. We were into freeform jazz, not because we liked it but because it was so obnoxious.

"And we were so obnoxious — loud and crass, and it was so funny because people would come and say 'this is art' and we'd say 'yeah right, buy us a drink' and it was such a load of shit because the Kid couldn't even play guitar, he didn't even know what a chord was. I could play a little guitar but I didn't try — I kicked it around the floor and we played at this moronic high volume."

They went through a dose of psychedelic drugs and emerged wanting to be a real professional band, willing to take on new acts like the Go Go's and X. Kid stayed with the Gun Club for eight months before defecting to the Cramps. It was the hard route for the Gun Club: they didn't fit into any music scene cliques or styles and they really were fearsome. The rest of the band are drummer Terry Graham who grew up in Texas and changed his life the day he heard the Ramones, pale blonde guitarist Ward Dotson who's trademark is to run a harmonica up and down the fretboard, and bassist B. Pete Holsapple.

Fire Of Love, an album of modern music with rockabilly and blues background (Jeffrey is not only a blues enthusiast with a huge record collection but he's lives the essence of the blues) not only created waves in L.A. but did likewise in the East. There was some resentment of the racist tones in the lyrics — to which Jeffrey says he stole them from black blues records or was drunk when he wrote them — although the album was voted into the Top 10 Albums of the Year by both the *L.A. Times* and the *New York Times*.

Debbie Harry came down to see them at a club one night and loved them. She brought Chris Stein down the next day and Stein was immediately impressed with their love for the blues and the way they'd adapted the swamp-cajun feels of early Creedence Clearwater Revival.

"Debbie actually suggested Lou Reed as a producer for the second album but then Chris thought he could do a lot for us," continues Jeffrey. "The first album was made with $2,000. This time we had more money and what's more, we've got a meatier and more emotional sound about us. Chris knew exactly what he was doing.

"The lyrics are a bit different — I think they're not as violent and angry. Right after that first album came out I was real obnoxious and self centred, so maybe the songs are a bit more personal. I dunno, I don't do anything consciously. I don't wanna be a spokesperson for American punk or be a purveyor of the Southern sound or whatever. I do it for me, and the band play my songs if they're having fun. I always say that tomorrow I could get up feeling happy and bubbly and go out and do an album of surf songs!"

And is there any fear of Blondie connections over-riding them?

"Chris and I talked it over, and we both realised it could be started by stupid peope, but we'll just do it. Those people in Blondie have hated each other since they were a band, but they're professional in getting on with what they wanna do. We certainly don't sound like each other, although we're probably just as misunderstood.

★ ★ ★

The Police are touring here this month through Toronto, Houston, Illinois, Baltimore, Los Angeles and San Francisco. The band was going to do a New York show but felt they were over-exposed in Gotham City so they blew out. Oingo Boingo will open the tour all the way through.

★ ★ ★

Prince is producing a sinle for an all-girl L.A. band called Vanity Six (aged 16-21) and who perform in camisoles. They're supposed to be quite suggestive and sing songs like "Drive Me Wild", "Nasty Girls" and "He's So Dull."

★ ★ ★

Former Dictator Ross The Boss who's frontman of a band called Man of War declares, "this is a man's band. All we have to offer other bands is crushing defeat. After we leave the stage in smoke and flame, they'll know who Man of war is."

★ ★ ★

MOTOWN Records has, in an attempt to curb home taping instead of whining about it like every other company, dropped all its prices by 10%.

Glyn Mason — A Quiet Show Of Strength

By Robbie Coates in Melbourne

Glyn Mason is highly amused by the running battle in this magazine's *Feedback* section, about the relationship between Age and Creativity.

While one group is of the opinion that it doesn't matter how old a musician is if he's producing the goods, there's another which is adamant that reaching 30 is tantamount to both social and artistic death!

And Mason, who's 33, has enough faith in his talents to afford himself a quiet chuckle.

"In America I think you'll find that a lot of artists are allowed to grow old gracefully, just as long as they don't sell out to cabaret. In fact, people like Ella Fitzgerald are respected the more they get older. it's quite funny, actually, because the biggest names in rock, like the Stones, or Rick Springfield, or Queen, are well over 30.

"And if you sat down and drew up a list of the biggest names in Australian rock at the moment, there's going to be quite a lot of them over 30. It's really such a stupid arguement, because a good musician can be played and listened to by anyone, and it's absolutely irrelevant how old he is. If anyone wants to come out and check us out, we'll show him the sweat on the floor. Cos I feel great and young.

"Currently Mason's band Tour de Force is being put on hold as members help Brian Cadd out on his five week Victorian tour, (and whose success and approaching record means there is a possiblity of the tour being extended to NSW and SA) but the band will be hard at work around the traps.

The three piece (with bassist Jo Imbroll and drummer Dave Stewart) has been specially designed to work on a small scale to fit in with the depressed nature of the economy.

"There are all sorts of problems — on the one hand, equipment and production costs are going up yet venue owners have less money to pay acts. In the current economic mood, people are budgeting less to go out and see bands, and what with the increased sales of video cassettes and roughly about 30 hours of rock on TV, there's a growing tendency to stay at home.

"You'd just have to look at the scene to see what's going on. A few years ago, there were the big bands, and then on the second rung were the good live acts who didn't have a record out or have much media coverage and these were people like Jo Jo Zep & the Falcons and Stockley, See & Mason and even Broderick Smith's Big Combo. But these 'in between' bands have all disappeared, so all you have the big earning bands and then a big dump down to the small league acts that play for $200 a night."

The answer is to get a recording contract and score a hit single. A record in the charts not only brings you more money through royalties, but it garners greater media coverage, which in turn, brings larger crowds.

Due much to Mason's own integrity, although Tour de Force has had some nibbles from record companies, he's a bit cautious after his experience in the Home-/Ariel/Stockley See & Mason days of trying to work within record company politics. He is prepared to wait until he comes across a label that is so enthusiastic about the band and its music that it will whole-heartedly throw its clout behind him to succeed.

"It's all a quesiton of holding out for the right one; if we have to, we'll even finance it ourselves and do it through a lease deal. I've seen enough bands who've been destroyed by unsympathetic record companies. Yet on the other hand, the Eurogliders are a good example of what a band can achieve when it has the right company behind it. It makes all the difference.

"They'll be a company which will be prepared to take risks and hold out until the right hit comes along. It's also got to be a company that's progressive enough to help an act when it goes on tour, because they know that you end up making more money through the increased record sales."

A few years ago, Mason took a break from music and returned to Perth to study art. He then returned to Melbourne and worked for 18 months as a solo act. Tour de Force originally came together only as an outfit that met together in a rehearsal room to work on Mason's songs.

But the lineup clicked enough for Mason to risk taking it on stage — and to find that his hunch was right. The band is attracting its crowds; working with a tiny lineup has forced Mason to crank some of the most fiery guitarwork he's produced for a long time. And judging by the vision in some of his new songs he's obviously going through a healthy songwriting period too.

"I'm not one of these people who can turn around overnight and change when a certain style's in vogue. I can only do what I enjoy doing, and that's what I'm best at. This is based on R&B but it's not castaway music. I can remember *Juke* making a comment on a review of Stockley See & Mason, 'this music hasn't progressed since Sunbury '73', but this stuff still has the market and while I'm drifting away from that West Coast Mason sound, it's very much what I want to do. The day I feel I've got nothing to offer I'll give up but I figure it'll be quite some time before I start to even think that."

Happiness is a hot .38 Special

When you lead a Southern Boogie band and your name is Donny Van Zant, those Lynyrd Skynyrd comparisons are inevitable

By Pete Makowski

Lynyrd Skynryd were my favorite band and my first major assignment. They were something of a personal crusade. At a time when music was being put in a coma by boring technocrats and strangling the airwaves, Skynyrd came busting loose like a breath of pure oxygen with a sound that had its traditions and roots but was executed in a fresh and vigorous manner and new kind of blues.

A tour of America with Skynyrd saw me plunge into an R-rated nightmare version of the U.S., featuring vicious encounters with the San Francisco Hells Angels which led to a frightening car ride with numerous threats of gruesome violence, attempted rape and guns being waved around by Twitchy, drunken and amphetamined-crazed hands.

By the time it was over, I was a blubbering lump of jelly; and it was a reassuring hand and a few paternal words from the late, great Ronnie Van Zant that prevented any threat of an imminent nervous breakdown.

Van Zant was always a calming and dominant force. Whether or not you believe in a God, there's no doubt his spirit lives on. That's why I was left with a chill down my spine when I first met .38's mainman and Ronnie's brother, Donny.

It's not just the similarities in features, stature or attire but something deeper which makes you think you're talking to Ronnie. Like any 24-carat Southern gentleman, he's the sort of charmer who'll bust your nose for cussing in front of a lady while helping an old biddy across the street.

As .38 toured across America to promote their current album *Special Forces*, Ronny's homesickness for his family and a damaged cartillage worsened but he managed to remain cheerful in a professional manner. "The first week or so is the worst part," he admits, "but that's how I made my living, that's what I gotta do."

The Van Zant family seem to have produced a wealth of talent. Apart from Ronnie and Donny, there's younger bro' Johnny who's also got a recording deal, and even their sister who along with father Lacey, have sung country'n'western since the boys can remember. In fact, Donny had decided on his career even as a kid. His biggest problem at the time was finding like-minded people in the town of Jacksonville.

He and long standing ally Don Barnes (guitars/vocals) had quite a job putting .38 Special. They knew what they wanted, but some members joined for the sake of getting girls rather than the music so the band broke up five or six times. Finally the two decided to take their time in putting a new lineup together. The current lineup also includes one-time aspiring architect Jeff Carlisi (guitars) bassist Larry Junstrom who was a member of the original Skynyrd, and two drummer Steve Brookins and Jack Grondin.

"Ronnie was the main reason I wanted to sing, because Skynyrd used to rehearse right there in our living room and just watching it I thought it was so goddamn great and it looked like it was a lot of fun and I figured 'if he can do it so can I' — so I tried it. I think initially I was just trying to be like my big brother.

Ronny readily admits that for their first two albums, .38 Special were nothing more than an average boogie band. It was only after the tragic LS air crash that they developed their own identity. After the crash they fell foul of their management (also LS's) and reached a stalemate where they couldn't buy themselves out of their contract, or even play. So they went off the road, and rehearsed, during which time they developed a new outlook on themselves rather than be a three-chord boogie band.

Was he tired of being categorised as part of that Southern clique?

"I'm proud to be from the South", comes the stern reply, "and I don't try to hide that fact whatsoever, by the way I act or the way I look. Opinions are like assholes, everyone's got one, but my opinion of Southern music would be something like the Marshall Tucker Band, a rock sound with a definite country flavour. I consider us to be a rock and roll band — that's it."

Did he mind Lynyrd Skynyd comparisions? No, only when people interviewed him to talk specifically about Skynyrd without mentioning .38 Special, or even said he was trying to copy big brother by wearing That Hat — although it was Donny who started wearing the hat first.

He hints that after the LS crash he was approached to take over as its lead singer, saying there were a lot of people trying to capitalise on their physical similarities.

"There's nobody that can take Ronnie Van Zant's place, never will be. Skynyrd lost their leader. I don't think of myself as being a leader, everybody in this group is intelligent enough to think for themselves. .38 have really got their shit together, 'cos we've had to learn we all just try and work together and I think that's the reason we've been together for so long."

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Albums

Edited by EVAN GROVE

MONDO ROCK
Nuovo Mondo
(WEA)

Mondo Rock has firmly moved into the post-credibility phase of it's career. Having established itself amongst the finest recording bands in the land, Ross Wilson's outfit is now intent on refining and re-defining the smooth new wave sound, eliminating the "filler" tracks and generally providing diverse, all-round entertainment. As such, *Nuovo Mondo* appeals as one of the tidiest discs to come out this year, locally or otherwise.

Distancing themselves more and more from the punkish mood that once colured their sound, the boys' most memorable tracks happen to be "State Of The Heart" ballads. "A Touch Of Paradise" has soaring acoustic guitar splicing through its mellow centre. This is closing-time rock of the most haunting variety. On the other hand, sheer romance is the subject of "In Another Love" and "Is It Any Wonder". These emotion-laden ballads carry the burden of caramel melodies, yet Mondo Rock's biting instrumentation and Wilson's desperately urgent voice never allows them the leeway to enter Schmaltz City.

Occasionally the listener begs under his breath for Wilson to rejoin the teenage rampage of the "Eagle Rock" days. But it must be remembered that Daddy Cool were a sixties band that spilt over into the seventies and that kind of sound has lost its relevance in these more refined eighties. Nevertheless, "Domination" with its aggressive properties, brings back memories of days long gone.

The gentle rock rapids that flowed on *Chemistry* resurface with "When Men And Women Come Out To Play". Wilson's colourful chords add a jagged edge to an otherwise softly undulating pop work. Moonlight music for the street set.

Again, a successful formula is duplicated on "Up And Down" and "Out The Window." following the recipe of a balmy rhythm camouflaging caustic lyrics, (first tasted on "Summer Of '81") these tracks represent rock diplomacy at its finest. Dance to them, think to them or just follow the treacherous course of the synthesiser — there's no way you can argue with their quirky friendliness.

The flashy yet sober instrumentation that earmarks M.R.'s sound has always made them a darling of the FM programmers. This finnicky breed will especially go ape ove the dynamic electronics and vocal biplay of "The Queen And Me". Check out the rugged sax that rudely interrupts this jingly track just as it's about to scoot down the fast lane.

Ross Wilson has been in the business for so long that he has developed an instinct for what's happening in trendland. With the superb songwriter Eric McCusker translating these instincts into tangible assets *Nuovo Mondo* has all the markings of a super-seller. The chemistry is still there, even if the physical has gone missing.

— ROBERT VELLA

AIR SUPPLY
Now And Forever
(Big Time)

Two schools of thought persist. One states that Air Supply's music has been grossly over-rated and over-decorated. It is nothing more than soppy melody-making set to instrumental pussy-footing. The other, more complimentary conclusion, is that it is a tapestry of aged, romantic symbols, bound together by velvet orchestration — adult sounds handled with kid gloves.

The correct judgement, more likely than not, rests with the individual listener rather than the music itself. Nevertheless, *Now And Forever* is sure to keep the debate running hot. It is, like its predecessors, swamped in syrupy, aiming-for-the-hearts (or is that charts?) ballads.

Graham Russell and Russell Hitchcock's strategy on this disc is clear. Unable to improve on the sugar content of the tunes or the angelic status of the harmonies, there is only one way to upgrade the music from previous releases. That is, to set their smooth ideas into the production side. The result is a slick, pure album that keeps its silken strings clear of the tingling guitars, whilst the drums can be pinpointed to within a degree of the woofers.

If the technical side of things is short on faults, the music itself doesn't fall far behind — if you like slow, fat-chorused love songs that is. N & F is pop with the warts removed and romance with the freckles bleached out.

Hitchcock and Russell have never hidden the fact that they are bleeding romantics delightfully misplaced in a rock slipstream. Tracks such as "Now And Forever" and

"Even The Nights Are Better" find them haemorrhaging heavily.

Their windswept choruses bring back visions of a B-grade movie where everything is put into slow-motion as the love-scene reaches its crescendo. Too pretty for words and almost too pretty for the ears as well.

And the soft-sell sallies on with the melancholy flutters, "Come What May" and "Young Love". Ony a touch of Billy Joel-styled keyboards gives them any semblance of twentieth century relevance.No mind, played on the other side of midnight they will choke the night breezes with their heavy intimacy.

The nocturnal mutterings are pursued further on "Don't Be Afraid". If the previous tracks did it to a snail's pace, this one downright waltzes backwards. But damn it, just when its about to induce one to doze off, the feathery harmonies fluff up again and hit you for a romantic six.

On "One Step Closer" and "I'm Late Again", Air Supply finally kick away the bar-stool and supply some foot-tapping, love action, rather than romantic rhetoric. The result, alas, is very average boogie — the kind of pseudo-swinging one expects from balladeers.

The outfits are far more comfortable on the gentle jaunts "She Never Heard Me Call" and "What Kind Of Girl". They prove that the trip from the hushed to the harsh is an unprofitable one for the outfit. Stick to the soapies boys, and leave the dirt for the heavies.

Now And Forever is one of those albums that melts in the mouth, with little left over for the soul to digest. One track drifts into another as the cute words of love, the scorched caramel of the melodies and the velvet persuasion of the orchestra relentlessly rain down.

It's last summer's affair and next summer's expectations caught on vinyl. Maybe it's not a rager's picnic, but it sure beats the hell out of reading the fourteenth sequel to *Love Story*.

— ROBERT VELLA

GENESIS
Three Sides Live
(PolyGram)

Whether Genesis should have released a live album at this point in their career is something for the group's Skolars to debate among themselves — some of us are keener to hear how the band develop the 'new beginnings' of *ABACAB* than listen to an updated *Greatest Hits* package — but I can't imagine any fan passing up the chance to sample this or being disappointed with what they hear.

Think of it as an 'official bootleg' bonus; the cover certainly has that feel about it.

Actually it's four sides live but the title is aimed across the Atlantic where apparently the fourth side contains the contents of the *Paperlate* EP while British fans get a chance to revel in three classics from the group's mighty heritage.

Three Sides Live emphatically proves a private theory I worked out one night in my bedsit — that the departure of Steve Hackett from the band has turned out to be more significant than Gabriel's leaving a few years earlier.

Steve's last contribution to the group was the monumental 'Seconds Out' live double which embodied everything the band had come to represent by 1977. This album is much more a record of a band caught in passing at a particular point in their career.

So it's 'live' in every sense — they've picked out the best versions from the tapes at their disposal, mixed them up to hi-fi quality (and when did Genesis last sound bad in concert?) and let them go — if Phil's voice wavers momentarily or Mike's guitar is a split second out then so be it. But if you hear a mistake by Tony Banks then send me a postcard.

The dedicated fan, having set up a bank of purple spotlights on the wall behind his hi-fi in the manner prescribed on the inner sleeve photo and placed a couple of smoke machines on top of each speaker, should proceed to play the album sides in the following order — two, four, one, three. This way you'll start with the opening due of the band's most recent set, *Behind The Lines* and *Duchess* from *Duke* and feel the adrenalin surge. 'Me And Sarah Jane' and 'Follow You Follow Me' are the lighter face of the band (which also dates back to soon after Steve's departure).

Next you go back in time for 'One For The Vine' and 'Fountain Of Salmacis', given new life by the current line-up, and a compilation of 'It' and 'Watcher Of The Skies' as portrayed by the immediate post-Gabriel band with Steve Hackett and Bill Bruford.

Now you can swing back to reality with a matt-finished version of 'Turn It On Again' with Phil suddenly remembering Fagin out of 'Oliver' as one of the 'people I've met in my life' (already). 'Dodo' has already grown in stature since its appearance on *ABACAB* and if *ABACAB* itself rambles at the end that's because the band are new to this kind of jamming — on stage at least — and should perhaps have waited a while until it comes more naturally.

Seat belts on for the last side because after the gentle strains of 'Misunderstanding' you are transported 'In The Cage' to the land of Genesis melodrama where surges of 'Cinema Show' and 'Slipperman' wash over you leading inexorably to 'Afterglow'.

At this point, if you've set up your equipment correctly, the bank of purple lights will automatically switch on during the second chorus and the contents of the

Singles

with THE SINGLES SLEUTH

Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark "Maid Of Orleans" (Dindisc): already getting considerable airplay, we have here a typically melodic piece from an electronic outfit intent on never losing sight of the music's Big M, ie. melody. The religious overtones (it is about the legendary St. Joan — Of Arc — after all) keep it mellow and display a fitting reverence and romanticism for the subject matter. Available as 12 inch also.

Hunters And Collectors "Talking To A Stranger" (White Label): anticipating the arrival of the album proper, this single emphasises the point that the group are more of a performing and album band than a single contender. Contemporary UK-influenced production sounds proliferate (heavy digital reverb) although the repetition inherent in this local band's music causes problems in the subdued environment of the loungeroom.

Greg Kihn Band "Happy Man" (Beserkley): not to be confused with the Sunnyboys track of the same name, this is Kinh on the tailored-for-the-charts rampage again. Good lyrics with a humorous bent, a track that few people could actively dislike even if they didn't think Kihn was the most adventurous rock'n'roller around.

Heart "This Man Is Mine" (Epic): ah, a real killer here from Heart. A beautifully executed slow, bluesy style track with excellent production and a very alluring melody. One of the better tracks around at the moment, and I guarantee you hear a lot more of it.

Ward 13 "Midnight Caravan" (Mercury): a nicely produced record with a commercial feel and fairly lavish sounds, including the strong harmony vocals. Not as distinctive as their previous record, but covers a broader range of bases and will probably win them a few Countdown fans.

Motorhead "Iron Fist" (Bronze): expect no slow ballads from Motorhead. It's 100% full-on headbanging rock that hits you like a sledgehammer — and that's in the quieter moments. Not for faint hearts or people with brains.

Hank Marvin "Don't Talk" (EMI): Hank Marvin singing?!! That's right, the ex-Shadows guitar picker gives his twangy Fender a backstage role here on a track co-written by Terry Britten, yet another expatriate Aussie doing well overseas. Very slick, medium-paced and highly chart-directed music, a la Cliff Richard, with a chorus that sounds like it's about to swing right into Rick Springfield's "Don't Talk To Strangers".

UB 40 "Love Is All Is Alright" (Epic): not terribly different from the rest of the laid back reggae they specialise in. This track is almost a re-run of "I Won't Close My Eyes", the standout being the very soulful vocals from these boys.

Bauhaus "Kick In The Eye" (Beggars Banquet): they may not be commercial, but Bauhaus have made some excellent New Wave records, mainly because they've got a lot of personal character and it comes through on their records. This one jolts and jars along at a snappy pace, with stark production sounds to complement their dark moods. Worth a look-see if you want a break from the top 40.

The Honeymoon "Break Your Heart" (EMI): I confess to not having heard of this Australian group before, but Peter Dawkins was obviously impressed enough by them to produce this record. Basically, in the guitar-based tradition of bands like Australian Crawl, Moving Pictures and Matt Finish, The Honeymoon play straight forward honest rock music based on the songs of one Kevin Bennett. The emphasis is on an attractive melody, the musicianship uncluttered and tight.

The Zarsoff Bros. 'The Nose-Pickin' Boogie EP" (Pirana Bros./Independent): Vaudville lives! It's sorta like The Captain Matchbox Whoopee Band all over again, what with kazoo solos and goodtime silly music and all. Not my cup of tea, but played with a lot of zap and gusto. And good value — five tracks.

Frankie Miller "To Dream The Dream" (Capitol/EMI): Miller has lots going for him, not the least of which is his great rock voice, one of the few who can emote convincingly. Here we have a strong ballad which could provide him with a minor hit. It's ony lack of charisma that prevents him having bigger hits.

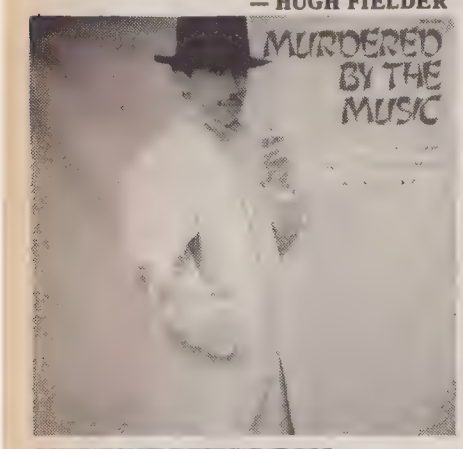
Edited by EVAN GROVE

Albums

smoke machines will deluge into the room.

There is nearly a full minutes worth of applause at the end ot allow you to recover sufficiently and put the tennis racket back before you become aware of the neighbours banging on the wall.

— HUGH FIELDER



YUKI TAKHASHI

Murdered By The Music
(RCA)

YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA

Solid State Survivor
(CBS)

YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA

Technodelic
(CBS)

The above three albums represent a catching up on past product by the local arms of the artists' respective record companies. The artists themselves revolve around three people who are now making quite an impression on Western Occidental minds, and with good reason.

Those three people are Yuki Takahashi, Haruomi Hosono, and Ryuichi Sakamoto, known collectively as Japan's Yellow Magic Orchestra.

Despite Japan, the country, not the group, being one of the chief sources of electronic music. YMO have made some progress towards redressing that balance.

YMO have released several albums, each one (in similar fashion to Kraftwerk) self-consciously sporting an electronic/technological title which suggests rather obviously the contents of the record. Still, the comparisons and contrasts between YMO and Kraftwerk are fascinating and worth following through.

Kraftwerk, with their square Teutonic jaws, place most emphasis on a rigid electronic structure made up of synthesiser lines (usually sequenced, repetitively) with fine-tuned melodic lines fleshing out the sound. YMO's *Solid State Survivor* is the most heavily Kraftwerk influenced (appearing in 1979, after Kraftwerk's *Man Machine)* but it also contains elements that show something of a Japanese sensibility, a greater delicacy and with more finely drawn detail.

Solid State Survivor shows YMO to be sure of their influences if not quite so sure about their own personal direction. But regardless, it's an intelligently thought out and arranged record that all electronic music enthusiasts should catch up on and which isn't all that obscure for the general public. YMO are a very accessible group of musicians.

By the time of *Technodelic*, ie. 1981, the uncertainties had been resolved and YMO are now revealing their true ability as innovators and purveyors of contemporary rock. The sound has become more percussive, in line with the turn of the decade work by artists like Bowie and Eno. The emphasis is still on technological themes and the detached cool that so often goes with it, but the music itself has a superb feel and atmosphere that places this group at the forefront of contemporary music.

Part of the fascination of YMO is the varying personal musical tastes of the individual members. Sakamoto I don't know a great deal about, but Hosono has produced many other artists (notably the recent LP by Sandii & The Sunsetz) and is very much into traditional Japanese serenity and the beauty of nature. Takahashi, on the other hand, is very influenced by three decades of Western pop music, and his *Murdered By The Music* shows that he himself is a skilled pop songwriter and arranger.

Murdered By The Music sounds very much like a English pop record. Believe it or not, but there are quite obvious references to things like what the Bucks Fizz production team are on about, as well as references to other diverse sources like The Buggies (around the time of *The Age of Plastic* and even reggae/ska music.

Takahashi's talent lies in the way he moulds these sounds into songs that sound like he was the original, not the disciple. He also has an integrity and intelligence that prevents his music from ever appearing to be calculated chart fodder. He loves the sounds of pop and knows how to use them, especially the Shadows-style twangy guitar that so oftens pops up to add a delightfully melodic touch to a very accessible LP.

Takahashi's most recent LP *Neuromantic* goes even further along the same road and is also worth chasing up. But *Murdered By The Music* itself really is an exceptionally likeable record.

—EVAN GROVE

CHARLENE

I've Never Been To Me
(Astor)

The attractive Charlene has provided one of the year's more interesting singles (the title track) but will possibly find that people either love or hate her.

Certainly, the lyrics on "I've Never Been To Me" provide a neat cameo story and let's face it, if we are to believe the tale then it ain't just kings who have undressed this lady! You'll find that the single is very indicative of the material that etches the rest of the vinyl for Charlene.

So it depends on whether or not you're a fan of the lady's style of delivering a ballad. The slightly quavering voice and high pitched sighs set a sensual mood throughout the album, which can be overdone. But I couldn't fault the continuity of the album from that point of view. It all hangs together nicely enough.

Interesting to see talented guitarist Lee Ritenour working on this set. Also one of

my favorite bassists in Leland Sklar, a top performer whose talented work as a musical backdrop enhances each of the numbers he contributes to here.

Tracks which stand out are "Hey Mama", "If I Could See Myself" and the title track. I'm not a fan of this sort of material, but it is put together well and provides a peaceful background. What a pity, because now I can't use my cleverline.

I was going to say that *I've Never Been To Me* isn't worth the trip.

Charlene will attract some followers if she can release a good second single, but she'll never topple performers like Olivia Newton-John in the highly-competitive female vocalist world.

— STEPHEN WALDON

TED NUGENT

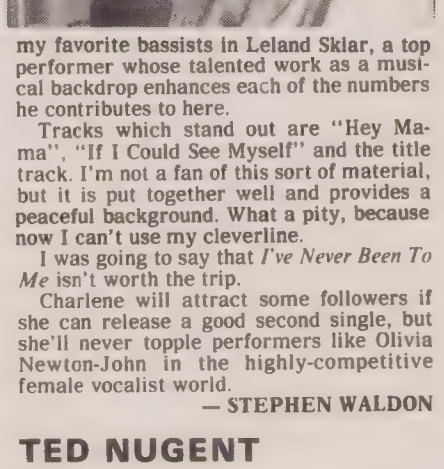
Nugent
(CBS)

Although this is Ted Nugent's best album in a long, long time, it still doesn't live up to its undoubted potential. Like an England team without Trevor Brooking, it's got all the basic ingredients but lacks that killer touch.

Heralding the welcome return of Derek St Holmes on lead vocals and the debut of Carmine Appice as beat basher, Ted's at last compiled a band to match his own talent.

The problem is that the new conscripts seem to have been drafted in too late, making their impact less telling than it should have been.

For the most part, this album's made up of some good, powerful and memorable rock songs. 'Habitual Offender' features an interesting rhythm, 'No, No, No' has a catchier chorus than some classic Kiss cuts and'Good And Ready', along with its 'Cat Scratch Fever' riff, includes a delightful drum/vocal break.



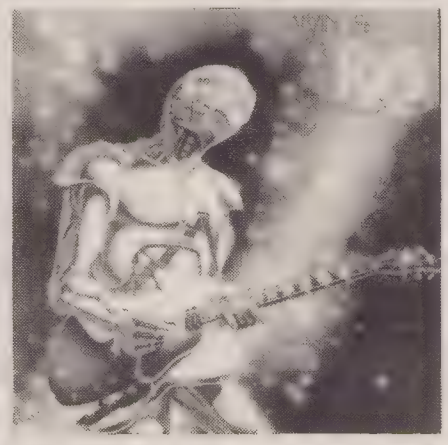
The second side isn't quite up to the standard of the first with most of the songs based on standard twelve bar r'n'r exercises. The final track, however, closes the album in the classic Nugent tradition.

A frantic war fantasy entitled 'Tail Gunner, it derives its inspiration from'Stranglehold', Ted's original powerhouse pummeller. Featuring at least 350 guitar overdubs, it reaches a climax by doubling its speed and racing towards the finishing line in true James Hunt style.

If this is a sign of things to come, and if Edward can keep this band together and let them contribute some material, the next vinyl outing should be nothing short of tremendous.

This is a good substitute until that time and probably worth buying.

— DAVE ROBERTS



ALVIN LEE

RX5 (RCA)

Alvin Lee arguably set rock and roll back ten years with his legendary performance at Woodstock. 'Going Home' seemed to be the ultimate in loud and fast axe work. It also seemed a more accessible goal to garage bands than the superhuman efforts of Pete Townshend and Jimi Hendrix. The subtleties of the facets and dynamic control were lost in the sound of subsequent imitators.

Nowadays he still plays a mean guitar line but, like Clapton, hides in the middle distance of the mix. Steve Gould plays rhythm, sings and wrote half the numbers on this album. Mickey Feat appears on bass and vocals with Tom Compton as drummer and Chris Stainton on keyboards.

The album commences with 'Hang On' — an upfront, orthodox, four-chord rocker. Alvin puts in some nice harmonic overtone chops. 'Lady Luck' is a lopealon southern rocker. 'Can't Stop' is the first Lee number on the album. It has a Fleetwood Mac flavour to it. It could fit on *Rumours*. The rhythm guitar has an almost acoustic quality to it, which nicely matches the understated middle distance sustained Gibson.

'Wrong Side Of The Law' features some cute feedback. The vocals remind me of Billy Thorpe for some reason. Graham Parker does a keg of beer and heads south. The title gets a good two minute workout in the fade out. The last track on this side is the Tina Turner classic 'Nutbush City Limits'. It's a nice try at a cover but sounds lacklustre.

Alvin shows his roots in 'Rock-n-Roll Guitar Picker'. The chords are borrowed from 'Great Balls Of Fire'. The vocals owe a lot to Jerry Lee Lewis. "I just wanted to be a rock and roll guitar man" is the predictable chorus. Some nice Berry/Richards classic double stringing lead variants. I'd love to hear some saxophones on this one.

'Double Loser' is Little Richard and Jerry Lee. The sound is not as raw as it should be. The fault lies with the rhythm guitar. It is too snappy tonally and plays strictly on the beat. Any possibility of classic r&b syncopation is killed with this uninspired rhythm.

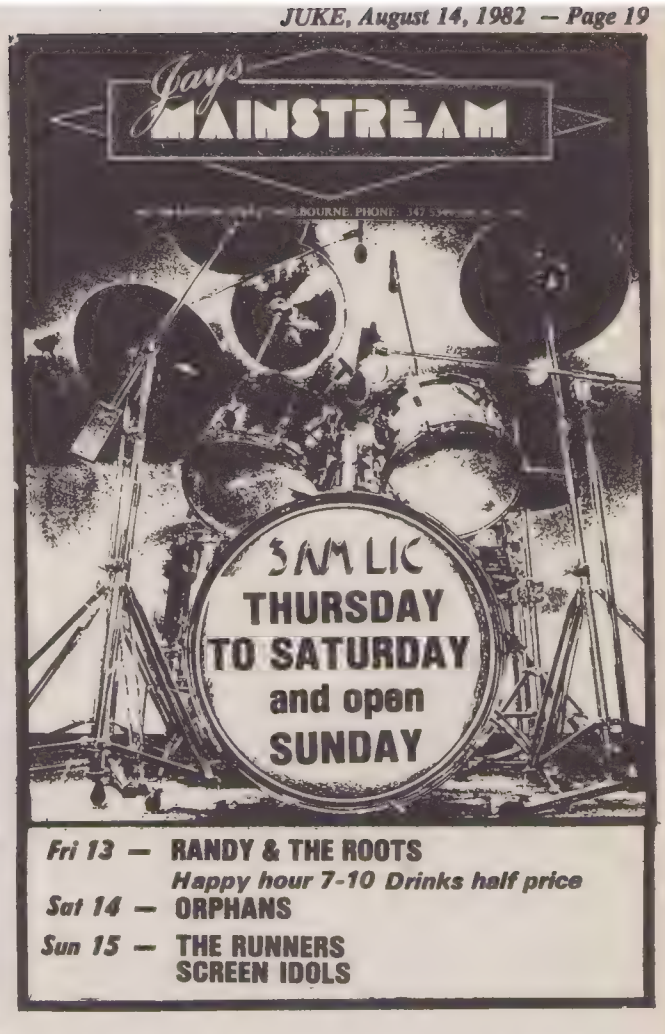
'Fool No More' is a bassy riff southern rocker with bayou vocals. Everyone seems more comfortable with the slightly slower tempo. The keyboard player has brushed up his Stevie Wonder and fuses in nicely. The lyrics are of course banal but who cares? Garage bands and a couple of existential hero outfits playing the pub circuit could benefit from a listen to the subdued yet effective use of effect pedals. Nice tones Howie.

'Dangerous World' sports more nice tones and a healthy emphasis on the second and fourth beats. Competent Southern rock with a Fleetwood Mac feel. A great mix.

'High Times' finishes the album. It is pretty much the same as the previous track. More of the guitar pyrotechnics are pulled out on the fade out. The organ finishes the number with a leslie cabinet sustain.

Overall, a good album if you like guitar showcases. There are some great arrangements and a couple of duds. The cover looks quite slick but I have not got a clue as to the meaning of the title.

— SIMON GOSS



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In Print

by Liz Brent

The James Cagney nobody knows

The last thing James Cagney would do to his wife of more than 50 years would be to squash half a grapefruit in her face. But back in 1931, when a movie script called for it, that was exactly what he did to actress Mae Clarke when he starred in the movie, *The Pubic Enemy*.

In Homer Dickens' book, *The Films Of James Cagney*, the actor is seen by the public (via the movie screen) as an anti-hero, a woman-hater, a vicious gangster, and rarely the gentleman he is in real life.

Dickens writes, The Cagney style of woman mauling (like that of his great contemporary, Edward G. Robinson) bought cheers from men but, at first, disapproval from women, whose taste inexorably ruled the screen."

But to Cagney, "that simple, yet forceful, gesture with the grapefruit, the impudent, red-haired young actor became an overnight sensation; he was the screen's most dynamic actor."

Of course, the timing was perfect for such a character to emerge on screen. To so many people, "a 'new realism' was born out of the Depression-ridden America, and audiences soon relished every move Cagney made as he rebelled against a society he not only did not help create, but felt compelled to challenge. Cagney represented the perfect portrait of the American urban man and boy — in all his complexities — whose life was so insecure in the Thirties."

Once Cagney established himself as a 'new brand of screen idol,' he continued on a career that was based on talent and intuition, not merely luck or chance.

Dickens describes it this way: "Few actors could afford to destroy their own charm in the creation of a role, as Cagney never hestiated to do. In *Devil Dogs Of The Air*, he was an insufferable braggart; in *The Fighting 69th*, a coward; in *The Crowd Roars*, an overbearing racing driver; in *Love Me Or Leave Me*, continually cruel to Doris Day."

Cagney's teenage years were taken up with after-school jobs which not only helped the family but occupied young James in a constructive way that proved an excellent grounding during his later working years.

When interviewed about his teens, Cagney is quoted, "During one vacation, I wrapped bundles at Wanamaker's department store during the day. At night I was a switchboard operator and attendant (and sort of general bouncer) at a pool hall. On Sunday, my day off, I sold tickets for the Hudson River Line. It was good for me. I feel sorry for the kid who has too cushy a time of it. Suddenly he has to come face to face with the realities of life without any papa or mama to do his thinking for him."

Cagney had his first taste of acting in amateur theatre and Dickens describes the circumstances: "Along with his brothers Harry and Edward, Jimmy was sent to the Lennox Hill Settlement House to take a course in public speaking. From time to time, the Settlement staged little plays in which the boys and girls of the neighborhood took part. Harry got a small part in a Chinese pantomime, while brother Jimmy worked as a painter of the backdrop. However, to aid the family's financial situation, Harry took a job during his after-school hours, and, reluctantly had to withdraw from the Chinese pantomime. Jimmy took over the part at his suggstion.....Jimmy found his first theatrical experience as stimulating as it was interesting."

Cagney's first professional role was even more exciting. Dickens writes, "He became friendly with a Wanamaker salesman, formerly a vaudeville actor, who told Jimmy about a show that was then on the boards of Keith's 86th Street Theatre. It seemed that the management needed a replacement for a boy who had just left the cast. Cagney auditioned and was accepted for an engagement with this vaudeville show, called *Every Sailor*, a wartime revue that was still popular with audiences. However, he was horrified to learn that he was to play a comic female inpersonator along with seven other boys. He almost refused, but in 1919 a weekly salary of $25 was too good to pass up."

In 1920, Cagney met the girl who became his wife in the next production he was engaged by. With this production of Pitter Patter, he was dresser for the star of the show, understudying to the star and he was paid extra for caring for the luggage. In the chorus line was a girl named Frances Willard (Billie) Vernon. They married the following year and teamed together for their own vaudeville act, touring the circuits. Cagney's next step was Broadway and along the way, he and Billie opened a dance school.

After starring in a play called *Penny Arcade* Dickens writes that "Al Jolson, then at the height of his career, brought the screen rights to *Penny Arcade* and re-sold them to Warner Bros. with the stipulation that Cagney and (Joan) Blondell repeat their roles in the screen version.

After that quickie movie, Warners realised they should utilize his talents. "He was immediately put in, in support of Lew Ayres, *Doorway To Hell*, one of the best of the early gangster pictures."

Lack of foresight, momentarily that is, on the part of Howard Hughes and a keen eye for talent by George Arliss ensured Cagney's next movie role. he almost got the lead in the movie

The Front Page but Howard Hughes thought he was just "a little runt".

But, according to Dickens "George Arliss, one of the few stars on the Warner payroll with cast selection and approval, had noticed Jimmy's work and thought he would be ideal as the bold insurance salesman in his film, *The Millionaire*."

But once the movie *The Public Enemy* was released, Cagney never looked back. He has probably had the longest and most successful movie career for an actor who started out back in the late 1920's and his movies are not only numerous but varied so that he really never became stereotyped.

So what is the old man of movies doing today?

"Jimmy is a gentleman farmer," writes Dickens, "in the truest sense of the phrase. He is also reportedly a millionaire, with four farms that pay for themselves, a home in Beverly Hills and in New York City apartment. . . he and Billie, his wife of fifty years, divide most of their time between their farm near Millbrook and the place on Martha's Vineyard. Their adopted son, James Jr married a girl he met while in the Marine Corps named Jilly Lisbeth Innessl...Cagney's daughter Cathleen (Casey) is now Mrs Jack Thomas. The Cagney's are proud grandparents."

Cagney still receives offers for appearances but the last official one, according to Dickens was in 1969; "Cagney visited Hollywood, stayed at his Beverly Hills home, and was offered $150,000 for a ten-second TV commercial which he could have done in a few hours. He refused."

'I'm busy studying painting with Sergei Bongart, the famous Santa Monica artist' was his reply.

● *The Films of James Cagney by Homer Dickens is published in Australia by Davis Publications and sells for the recommended retail price of $14.95.*

HEY, YOU KARN DO THAT

Stu Coleman In London Found Himself In a Saki-It-To-Me Situation With Japan's Mick Karn

How would you handle it when you're the bassplayer with a band and your chick walks out with your guitarist? Beat him to a pulp? Break the band up. Or both?

But Mick Karn is quite philosphical about the fact that David Sylvian, a friend of eleven years, walked off with a girl that Karn had dug so much that she'd become the first that the loner allowed to live with him.

"It's all in the past, really isn't it," he says over lunch at a, where else, Japanese restaurant. "I hate to talk about that whole situation because as my moods change, so to do my attitudes. Maybe I've generally become less trusting about people, but then again I've known David for so long that the relationship is quite strong.

"We do argue a lot about Japan's business but it's like when two brothers fight. It's forgotten the next day. But David and I have always fought the most in the band, even before this incident."

Karn readily admits that when it came about, he was shattered. He had to be literally pushed on the plane when the next day the band went on tour of Japan; he stayed in the hotel room most of the time brooding and angry.

"The tour was hell, it was awful. Things were going well for the band, but it was daggers between me and David, and of course it really affected the other two as well. The worst thing was that the fans themselves noticed that there was this great hostility onstage, and all these 'are they splitting' rumours started."

Although he says he's quite comfortable with Japan, Karn says that it was he who first came up with the idea (before the dramas) to do solo projects and put Japan on hold.

"It was when we were recording the album and I suddenly realised that there was so much pressure on making Japan music that I wasn't enjoying it any more. So I suggested to the other chaps that I do a solo single with other players and see what came of it, purely as an experimental thing. But they freaked out. Said it was unfair because it was detracting, blah blah, and it was quite ridiculous, but I understood it was because none of them were ready for their own solo projects, so I stepped back and was prepared to wait until they were ready."

Of course for most of this year, everyone's been doing their own thing. Karn has his sculpture exhibitions, recording with Japanese musician Akiki Yano and working on his new solo single produced by Kim Wilde's brother Rick.

"He's got a good commercial ear. He wasn't necessarily the first choice, but the ones that Virgin suggested were a bit overpowering. I wanted it to come out with as much of my ideas as possible."

Japan who appeared last week on *Top Of The Pops*, have announced a British tour in October. Already the tickets have seen selling like crazy. Probably because people seem to think it's the last time they'll see Japan in concert.

"It's going to be a good one. Five nights at the Hammersmith Odeon! It was originally going to be nine, but we cut it down. Imagine playing a place for that long! But I don't know if it's a farewell tour. I really don't know. I haven't talked about it with the other guys. The tour starts in October and it'll go on until January . . . after that, I don't know.

"I think the promoters and management probably think we'll split up. We originally wanted to do just Britain, but then they said we hadn't done Europe and America for a while, and then we'd never done Australia although we'd wanted to. So all that is being strung together."

The break was the best thing for the four, Mick says. He didn't see them all that much in that period but he knows everyone's much happier.

"We've all grown up, we really have, we've matured because for the first time we've been in that situation. Before Japan we were all at home living with our parents. Then we had Japan and the four of us leaned on each other. We all lacked confidence, which is one reason why we wore makeup and dyed our hair, that sort of thing.

"But now we've been pushed where we have

to stand on our own feet. That makes you grow up very quick."

Did he think that perhaps that it could mean that Japan would no longer be useful to the members?

"I don't see what . . . or why. Because there's something still special about Japan, a combination, which we could pursue while we still do our solo things. I don't think it's just a sentimental thing.

"I mean, the three of us were quite willing to drop Japan but I think David really needs it. I think he'd be the least capable of working solo. In essence, we are the engine which works very hard and David is the steering wheel. He needs us to push his ideas. He's a good producer and a good lyric writer but sometimes his melodies let him down."

One of the big question marks about Japan, adds Karn, is that all the interviews done this year with the media have been with Sylvian and hence there's been a one-sided and distorted view of what's happening in that camp.

"Dave's the sort of person who gets influenced very quickly. He'll say one thing, talk to someone and then change his mind an hour later. I mean, I remember when we did the last British tour and four months before we'd all sat down and worked out the stage special effects and slides, got a lighting company to specially design the lights and all that. The stage was set up for us to have a look at it.

"That very morning, David had done an interview where the guy, the journalist, had said it was pathetic that Japan had nothing to say musically and was bolstering it up with slides and lights, and that did it! So when we got to the rehearsals to check the set and lights, David just said that he didn't like it and walked out. No real reason, just didn't like it! And when there was a big argument he said 'right, I won't do it'.

"So it was very embarrassing because the light people had specially made them up for us and couldn't do them elsewhere, and it looked as though we'd be letting down the fans if we didn't do the tour. So eventually we went out and did it and slowly persuaded him to use more lights, but it wasn't quite what we'd sat down and planned four months before."

THESE ROOTS WERE MADE FOR TALKING

Ward Brisick gets down with Randy & The Roots

Christopher Colombus was a liar.
He claimed he discovered Jamaica . . .
But what about the Indians and black men that were already there?

Elements of ethnic black music have been discovered and they permeate the contemporary music scene. They've been synthesised into jazz, rock, punk, and most notably, into new wave. But what about the black men that were already there, the creators of the rhythm, the style and the message? The roots . . . where are they now and where are they going?

When one examines the movement of black music over the centuries since its beginnings in Africa, one can clearly see the origins and native trends that are prevalent in music today.

Black music has always been the gauge of black aculturation, and a consistent indication of the general mood of the black people.

"In Africa, there was Nommo, the power of the word."

"In Jamaica, the Rastafari conceptualise speech as a holy tool."

"In America, black jazz reflects the anger of the ghetto."

And this is certainly how it works and is used in a variety of black cultures.

But the story of the beat and changes it has gone through is a very long one, for it encompasses the cultural, political and most importantly, the spiritual history of a people.

What is significant is that one can still experience the roots of black music simply by hearing pure exponents of this music playing together today.

One such group of exponents are Melbourne afro-reggae band, Randy and the Roots. Since the original days, when the group was known as Cassava and played mostly pub gigs and a few benefits for Aboriginals, the band has evolved into their musical place and present line-up. Like their music, their course has flowed naturally, and none of it has been contrived.

Black music seems to have a political nature. No matter how far away it strays from that idea, the message, to remember blackness and oppression, belongs to every note. But, as Cassava, the group's profound political statements seemed to get lost in the beat, or perhaps were better expressed as joy.

The group's one proper indentification with politics was their recording of the single '27 Years', a plea to raise money for the *Free Bill O'Meally Campaign* sponsored by the Prisoner's Action Group.

Sunday afternoon bonfire-jams on Middle Park beach followed. In those days, the band was made up of whoever showed up. But soon the same ones kept showing, and they, together with three members of Cassava, gave birth to the original Afrijah — Jamaican, Trinidadian, Ghanian, Nigerian, Venezuelian and Australian musicians.

According to the group, that was "celebration of life music, participating music" in those days, and that feel hasn't left the group since.

Following a few more line-up changes, Randy and the Roots were born at the Terminus in Clifton Hill, where the band still goes strong as a focus for the gathering of blacks of many backgrounds from all over Melbourne.

Throughout the changes one thing has remained the same, Randy Borquaye of Ghana. He is the classic proto-African, at home in the black element, and as lead vocalist and percussionist for the Roots.

According to Randy, music all began at an undefinable point in time, but no matter, for he is sure it began this way.

"When the moon used to shine good, when you could see everything with the moonlight, the boys and girls would get together in the open and play congas and bongos and bells and tom-toms. And we would call and sing. This was called Panaloco. It is a cultural habit of African peoples, and the subject matter was varied all the time. But that is where the original beat that we play now came from, and it is still the same."

Like Randy, percussionist and vocalist Bobo Brown is from Ghana, and for Bobo the music also began in Africa.

"In Ghana," he says, "before the chief would speak, the drums would play. This would loosen up the people, open them up and get their attention . . . they knew something important was going to be said. Music often accompanied communication.

"Each group of peoples had a rhythm. If you listened you might think they all sound the same, but that's because you don't understand each people's rhythm. But blacks all know because they all speak the same musical language."

"Nowadays they call that music afro-beat, an English word that really means the combination of all these different cultural rhythms," he says.

"The idea is still the same as before . . . the expression of something very important, expressed musically because we are born and bred in Africa where everyone can sing, only devils can't, and that singing and dancing are our cultural ties with each other and our roots, and our means of expression."

African folk music, as well as Jamaican folk music, Niyabingi, has kept its internal form even though it has gone through successive cultural changes. Native forms of music basically remain the same even when modernised with electric instruments because the tradition of music as a means of expression is rooted in history.

Nigerian musician Fella Rasankuti with his voice and saxaphone did for African music what Bob Marley did for Jamaican . . . put contemporary ideas to music and informed black people of their cultural roots today, as the music had always done in the past.

According to Bobo, "As African people moved around and went overseas they became more proficient on electric instruments. Native rhythms married with rock instruments gave birth to musical styles such as high-life, which has come to be known as afro-beat. The transition was much the same for Jamaican Niyibingi music, the basis of ska, which evolved with rock-steady and later became reggae as we know it now."

And then the rise of Rastafari, the way of life that spiritually awakened thousands of blacks to the possibilities of their own culture, became the single most powerful influence on afro and reggae music.

Rastarfarians now bear witness that their goal — to go back to Africa — is being realised in day-to-day living. And it is happening as they would like it to, naturally. They know fundamentally, that their concept of language and expression is natural and right, that it happens to carry over from centuries of African tradition.

"Music to a black man is like a book to a white man," says Bobo, "and music is love, the communion of Rasta."

"What the Rastafarians say is what we have known all along," he says, "and we will continue to play to remind the people of their cultural values."

★ ★ ★

"Every sweet house is a nice ghetto, and that's where the sweet music should be."

— Randy Borquaye

Randy and the Roots still get their inspiration from those moonlight nights in Africa. Afro rhythms, high-life, afro-beat. Calypso, ska, reggae . . . it is all there. And Rasta.

"I been playing congas since I used to use plate in the kitchen instead and break them and get a knock on the head," says Randy.

"But now I think that whatever music you play, you still got to have that feel to entertain the people. If it comes from the heart you can give your message the best way."

Randy gives his message. He is a tremendous front man — he sings, bops, slips, grinds, jumps and slides across the stage, clearly moved by the band's creations. Together with Bobo, he brands the band as authentic, but keeps his surprises hidden until the very best moment, then releases them in a shower of rhythm.

Besides Randy and Bobo, Australian saxophonist Peter Fraser is the only original member from Cassava and Afrijah in the line-up.

Peter's major influences have been mainly early soul and gospel and a love for be-bop. He likes to blow hard in search of a diamond hard sound with an edge to it.

"Rhythm is my problem," he says, "it is my weakest point . . . but at least it gives me a focus for innovation and experimentation. My reason for playing is the joyous feeling that this music gives — blues, gospel, soul — and the spiritual quality of that music, raising your voice to say something you really feel."

"The band's emphasis is on basic street music," says Peter. "We like danceable, carnival music from different cultures with little touches of jazz improvisation here and there. One half rhythm and one half improvisation, all layered over each other, like the parts of a painting."

The other half of the horn section, Tony Norris on trumpet and fluglehorn, was also influenced by jazz.

"My influence comes, I guess, from Miles Davis, Clifford Brown and Freddie Hubbard," he says. "But I am tired of being an interpreter of notes that someone else wrote."

"I suppose I'm striving for originality, and in the Roots the potential is always there because of the firm foundation of rhythm to play over that is being laid down all the time," he says.

That rhythm is truly the domain of drummer Matthew Berg and bassist Chico Henderson.

"Afro-beat and reggae require lots of punchy rhythm," says Chico, "without it this type of music can get monotonous."

"This is feel music, like funk or jazz," he says, "and for me there is no other choice."

Matthew feels the band plays a lot of styles all at once, but that its rhythmic punch is the common denominator.

"Afro, reggae, calypso . . . they all have different backgrounds, and should all be played as they were meant to sound," he says.

"But we play them all together, and this synthesis is the heart of Randy and the Roots . . . that so many elements of music are together at the same time and create an energy that sweeps you up. It is as if we create a style of our own by playing so many ways together."

Amidst the myriad of musical idioms, guitarist Geoff Spooner takes his time and plucks off the most opportune riffs, laying out a clear accompaniment. The beauty of his solos is almost inconspicuous.

It is the amalgam of styles that has evolved from the very beginnings of black music that characterises Randy and the Roots. Their music is gentle with respect for itself, yet it drives relentlessly with pure inspiration.

And the refreshing thing is that there is no hype, no posturing, no fly-by-night deal to sell records or make a fast buck. Like the Indians and black men that Colombus ignored, the Roots can easily be overlooked by the modern critics because they don't assert anything false. In their music there is an element of that which has always been musical . . . and that is the sheer beauty of this band.

★ ★ ★

Macy's venue lurks somewhat deceptively along Toorak Road. On the outside it seems to have forgotten to decorate itself, and leaves all pretention behind.

VOICE: It's five dollars tonight for Survival Reggae, so don't mind OK?"

Survival Reggae . . . ain't it the truth. Like saving the last tree before the woodchoppers get it, the last real flower in Surfer's Paradise . . . it really is remarkable in itself.

Inside, the inconspicuous front of Macy's opens into a warm accoustical atmosphere.

On stage, Randy leads the band into a Jimmy Cliff cover. He moves across the stage with locomotive rhythm. His power is contagious and he infects everyone in the place . . . he gives it and shares it and it is returned. Every inch of him personifies musical expression. There is no hype, just the flow of rhythm.

This is classic reggae, like a beloved folk song with memories of earthly re-birth. Dreams of distant happiness, uncontrived expression, all like a breath of fresh air.

The Roots now break into afro-beat, with afro-speed, and drive with perfect combinations of elemental power.

The sax is in classic pose, awakened by the spirit of something contagious. The guitar solo brings out the heart of the song, beneath its brassy exterior. Randy and the Roots conduct the savage orchestra with confused precision. This is the 'Soul Mancoosa Song.'

Next is 'Whoa Jane', an original in the high-life style. The upbeat seems stronger that the downbeat, passionate and cool with a steady head. The music swings and the dancers sway together, a mass of pure enjoyment.

The band has been on stage for ten minutes . . .

A Ghanian classic follows. 'Angelina', smooth and sweet with all the elements of beauty. Tony Norris slips into the fluglehorn solo and glides into relaxation. An intimate experience between band and audience is taking place. But who's thinking about that anyway . . . everyone is locked in embrace.

Osibisa's 'Ashiko' thunders past and breaks into a 2/2 with a swing. Randy's tonic vocals spin off over the rhythms. Sax and guitar create a counterpoint to the beat. The song goes up, up and leaves the stage on its own in a torrent of percussion. This band creates happiness with a steady beat, like a heart. Something sure which leaves the space and time for all expressions to happen. They are a pleasure to hear.

According to Joe Gualtieri, manager of Earl's Court Venue, Randy and the Roots are the only real 'feel' or 'roots' afro-reggae band in the country.

"There are many afro-reggae bands who play elements of true reggae and afro-beat," he says, "but none play undiluted, authentic afro-reggae like the Roots.

"The group can create a total 'feel' situation," he says, "and we are going to attempt to capture that in the studio. Randy and the Roots will record an EP with five original songs, featuring afro-beat, reggae, calypso, high-life and a little Ghanian and Nigerian stuff, which will represent the spectrum of their sound.

"We hope to capture their energy and introduce them to the Australian recording industry," he says, "and an EP is the best way to do it because they aren't a singles band, AM radio would knock them on the head because they aren't trendy enough."

Gualtieri is also organising promoters to see the group in concert, to see them create their particular atmosphere.

"They are resident band at Macy's Survival Reggae Night every Thursday, and at the Terminus each Saturday afternoon. Following their co-tour of Melbourne with Un Tabu they begin residency every Friday night at the Mainstream Cafe," he says.

"We also chose them to support Tina Turner at the Venue because of the total feel situation both acts will create. There are other black bands, but they are all too polished and pre-meditated. The Roots are all the feelings and vibes of the street everywhere."

Meanwhile, while Tina Turner prepares to come on, the stage is being set by the Roots.

As if set on fire in mid-air by the stage lights, the band screams through 'A Go', a tour de force of afro rhythms.

Amidst it all a lone figure revolves transparently, like a dervish in slow motion. Bobo Brown, clad in Ghanian gown and headress, native drum cradles under his arm, revolves and beats out a punctuation to the band's road. The ground has been consecrated.

★ ★ ★

Epilogue

Blind, black musician Roland Kirk once said, as he 'looked' out into the audience at a concert in Melbourne, "I don't see no black faces out there!"

Things have changed. Or at least the music has equalised things. Throughout black history in white lands, music has always been the passkey to open the doors, the vehicle for racial blending. The universality of music seeps through white society like water through sand.

Randy and the Roots are off stage now, at the Soweto Benefit Concert put on by the African/Australian Society at Melbourne State College.

Onstage is Kobla Ladzekpo, master drummer and dancer from Ghana, and he is in full flight, transmigrating afro cultural rhythms from another time and place to that stage in Melbourne.

Randy and the Roots' afro-beat comes from this folk music which is now breaking down the barriers of black and white in a celebration of something beautiful common to both experiences.

For the Roots, it is like viewing a film of oneself as a little child. When the Roots come on and slide into 'Uncle Joe', you feel the swinging, swaying, big-assed gait of a black mama going down the promenade. They are all over you.

All the ingredients . . . be-bop, afro, reggae, a shotgun rhythm section, yet so beautiful, like an up-tempo waltz.

Randy unloosens his birds and bells just at the perfect moment, and he and Bobo percussion duet in elemental love.

Pure joyous music, like all the music that went before it.

Randy leans back one more time, slings the tambourine to the rafters and wails upwards into the sharper registers. As the music surrounds him he becomes part of his new environment, transported through time by beauty.

. . . this is his first time in Africa. Remember he's just a small boy.

On Stage

Split Enz/Serious Young Insects

Venue: Capitol Theatre, Sydney

As soon as I spied the St. John's man I knew I should have worn my bobbysox. I should have expected it: with bands' touring patterns normally concerned with pubs, there are few places where under-18s can go to see a band in action. Split Enz are not a "pop" band and demographically, the age group of their audience is wide-ranging, but at the Capitol show the crowd was predominantly young and female.

The concert was a sell out well before the night, but people were still attempting to buy tickets *on* the night. The Standing Room Only vouchers went instantly and obviously there was a buzz of expectancy; even when the bell rang to signal the arrival of Serious Young Insects, many rushed the small and unstable area in front of the stage and screamed.

SYI must begin to think they're the Capitol's resident band: they've played support to both Mondo Rock and the Pretenders over the year, each time gaining more supporters. Tonight, they played a tight and pleasing 40 minutes set with an excellently chosen set, mixing numbers from the current *Housebreaking* album with a couple of newer numbers and the well executed instrumental "Watching Girls Go By" from their early days.

The ease with which the crowd sang along and danced to "Be Patient" and even someof the LP tracks was indicative of their ever-increasing deserved popularity. The band's harmonies and playing was spot-on (justifying their explanation of remaining a three-piece because they could control the elements better) and Pete Farnan, obviously relishing the large stage, was even more mobile than usual, bouncing across to join Michael Vallance at times.

The curtains parted after interval to the sound of bell chimes and revealed one of the most effective staging sets I'd seen. Too often lighting shows try to outdo the music, but using a giant sail and rigging not only maintained the present nautical theme of the band but also provided the ideal backdrop for cleverly used lighting effects that perfectly complemented the songs.

The Enz opened with "Fire Drill", then Tim Finn announced they'd be doing songs from "'this album and that album and that one"...even if the band looked somewhat jaded following their exhaustive touring schedule, the playing was fresh, although Neil Finn seemed to have problems with his vocals.

"Giant Heartache" and "One Step Ahead" had him wavering in parts, while "History Never Repeats" was very nasal. Actually, it didn't seem to be Neil's night as he was also caught out of tune at the beginning of "History"; while he rectified this, the crowd was diverted with Eddie Raynor on Scottish pipes and the elder Finn doing the Highland fling.

Tim Finn, in fact, was not in the best of moods. Early on, he announced he thought it was "really stupid" for the girls to scream and told them to shut up. He was also quite unamused by the lack of response to the requests to sing along. At one point, he took refuge behind bassist Nigel Griggs when and enthusiastic bopper rushed him on stage, while Neil gave her dirty look.

One of the significant aspects of the show was the way some numbers were given a different live treatment. "Hello Sandy Allen" was a definite improvement with its new intro, accentuated synth and slower rhythm which detracted from the recorded version's silly poppiness. "Small World" benefited from a lengthier raggae-tinged intro.

And on the subject of pleasure, Eddie Raynor excelled himself, especially on "Shark Attack" and "I See Red". Also, Noel Crombie's solo in "Lost For Words" vindicated that his migration to the drum kit was no mistake. "Dirty Creature" and "Six Months In A Leaky Boat" were predictably well received although the band's delivery was a little flat.

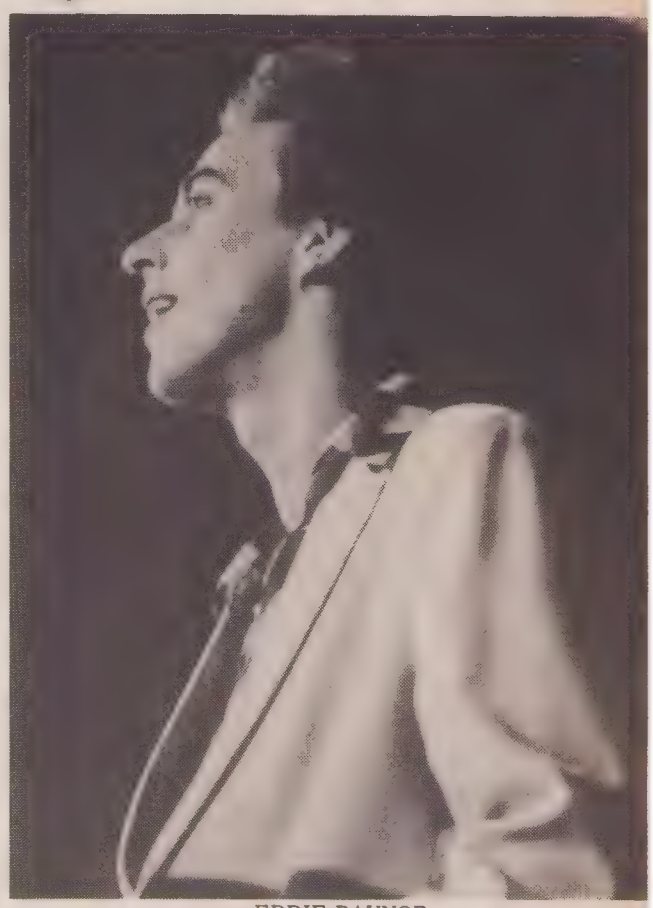
But Split Enz have all the ingredients of classic pop essence which explains their proliferating overseas success.

Two encores and numerous beach balls (distributed soccer style by the band) and everyone streamed out. The happiest were no doubt the girls who were handed the band's cups by a beligerent roadie.

But various issues are kicked up. The concert was neither cheap nor for under-18s. There were many people there who'd forked out the greenies because they didn't want to be crushed to death in a pub, and hence bought seats close to the front with the intention of being able to see in comfort.

This was impossible as there was a collection of people who gathered in the front to either dance, or be seen. An obvious conflict of interests; and though you can't please all the people all the time, it certainly appears to be very unfair.

— DIANE LIVESEY



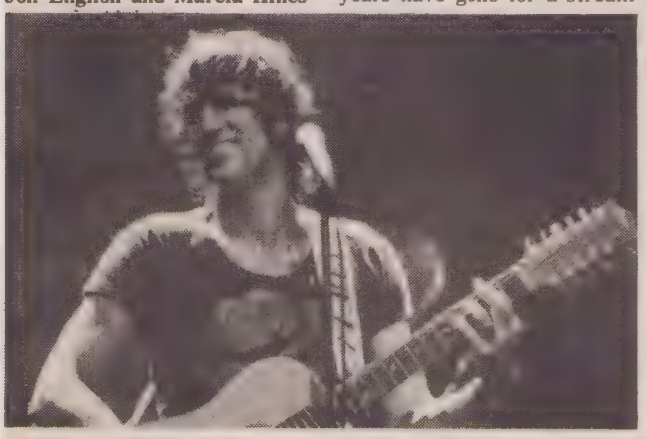
• EDDIE RAYNOR

Jon English & Marcia Hines

Venue: Gladstone City Auditorium, Queensland

Gladstone is a rural industrial town and 1½ hours drive from Rockhampton — right in the deep North and, save for a handful of itinerant southerners drawn up by the good weather, basically a conservative audience with much of their musical tastes moulded by AM radio and TV variety shows. (There are only two TV channels).

Mainstream media has always been a major exposure for both Jon English and Marcia Hines — although saying that that is their only audience is obviously wrong because I've seen both acts play a place like Melbourne's Bombay Rock or Sydney's Strand and they've gone on to wipe the place off its face.



Versatility and fast footwork's the name of the game here: both English and Hines have survived despite the dictates of fashion, and time and time again in their shows they've subtly sent up those who'd categorise them on image rather than musical substance.

The two have had something of a parallel music career. Both started in theatre, went MOR for a while, with a flirtation with rock, and in the recent years have gone for a streamlined, hip, soft-pop which has found its mark both here and throughout Europe. Considering both share a manager, it's no surprise that the two would amalgamate for dates through the country *(and New Zealand — ed)* and duet a mini-LP entitled *Jokers And Queens*.

Old Polish business creed: if something's successful, how to make it super-successful. Add two acts and justify the $14 a pop. In Gladstone, two shows were announced, and the demand was such that a third was added. Despite that, the shows were only halfway successful because very few of the audience came with the idea of making the show an Event. Rather, they tended to sit back with a "right, entertain us" attitude. It was up to the pair's hard-edged professionalism to pull them through.

"G'day, we're glad to be here in Happy Knackers", Hines started out making a lame pun on the town's name. She had to repeat it, and still some of the yokels hadn't cottoned on; the quip was consequently dumped for the other two shows.

The curtain opened to reveal assorted odd-bods in *Acme Road Crew* overalls. Someone from offstage yelled out, "hey, what are you doing out there". "Waiting for Marcia and Jon", one of the "roadies" replied.

Of course, they dropped the overalls to reveal their white collar apparel underneath — they were in fact members of Full Moon and Foster Brothers (respectively their backing bands) and English and Hines duetted through "You Were On My Mind", "This Time" and "Hit The Road Jack" before English and his band left the stage for Hines and her cronies to propel themselves through.

"All The Things You Do When You're Lonely", "There Was a Moment" (stellar back up vocalising from Melbourne's Jo Jo Smith) and "Your Love Still Brings Me To My Knees" before the Lanky Judas returned for a resounding "April Sun In Cuba", still a great Hewson song, and then a crisp fuzztone-guitar version of "Six Ribbons", images of poor man's loyalty and love unfolding over one of the prettiest melodies that English has written. As yet, English's compositions are somewhat schizophrenic, wavering between the street punkiness of Pete Townshend to the maudlin sacchrine imagery of John Denver; but when the elements occasionally meet, he does come up with something inspired.

"Take It From The Boys" called for and got some audience participation even if self conscious, and during "Tenderness" English winked at his sex symbol image with a rehearsed "spontaneous" strip tease.

The second part of the show started with a double drum solo and the pair crooned through "Everybody Needs Somebody To Love", "Aint't Gonna Win No More" and a soulful and near-flawless rendition of "I Heard It Through the Grapevine", the musicians' tried and true musicianship maintaining the intensity level through the lengthy version, and "Something Special".

Then Hines and band left the stage, allowing Jon to go through his "Turn The Page" and "Beating The Boards", among others, a stunningly powerful rendition of "Hollywood 7" before Hines rejoined him for "Fire And Rain", "Jokers And Queens", "Shining" and a medley of their hits before a nod to their past from *Jesus Christ Superstar*

The elements fell together so well: this is a thinking man's mainstream rock, nothing more, nothing less, put together by musicians of better-than-average quality, heavy on the entertainment.

This night, their encore was "You've Lost That Loving Feeling" although on the third show, the duo were called back for three frenzied encores.

— JOHN SOMERVILLE

Del Webb Explosion

Venue: Bridgewater Hotel, Adelaide

The Del Web Explosion nicks bits (all right ones) from jazz blues, funk and particularly soul. They're an eight piece who started out last year doing wholly covers and obviously derived a lot of inspiration from Dexys Midnight Runners, who were themselves a refreshing look at soul in the Eighties.

The DWE have dropped a lot of their covers but one of their stage standouts is still the lovely Dexys song "Geno", (about '60s soul king Geno Washington) a modern day classic insanely neglected in this country. It's also one of the ones that the punters enthusiastically scream for.

The Del Webb Explosion make a joyous and well meaning racket that is easily digestible but still leaves you something to chew on. Who needs memories, fantasies and cynical con games from the Adelaide arty farties when you can have something as vibrant and challenging as this?

As far as this writer's concerned soul was the **GREATEST MUSIC EVER MADE.**

As fewer and fewer Adelaide bands seem to be showing any enjoyable originality, you turn to something like the DWE. They're economical in execution although lavish in the exotic carnival spirit they engender.

They are not tortured artists. They are there to enjoy themselves, spread the message of soul, and throw in everything to create the desired effect.

Most of the originals come by way of founder/bassist Peter Flierl, whose approach to songwriting is derivative at this stage, but passable enough. The self penneds are simplistic, catchy, aim for the commercial jugular and are punchy. "One Way Love" their forthcoming single through the Empty Dogma label, powers along with a style so sharp it hurts, driven along with a sax solo courtesy singer Frank Moeller.

"Too Late The Hero" is another standout, a concoction of sustained organ notes, a formidable rhythm and sharp horns, as was "Going Home", the guitarist bursting in with some spirited work, demonstrating a harsh playfulness that contrasted with the high spirited enthusiasm of the brass section.

Aside from the other originals like "Blueprint" and slow workouts, like their rendition of Southside Johnny's "The Fever", the rest of the set aims for sexy footloose moods and mannerisms. Well-heeled soul workouts like "Knock On Wood" and "Geno" was liberting and one hell of an exhortation. They're obsessed with soul power: they demand the maximum from their music and demand their audiences do the same.

"Land Of A Thousand Dances" showed an impeccable throttle of pulses charging and bouncing off the walls. As the best soul music does, a warm feeling of intimacy was developed. Within the arty scene, the Del Webb Explosion can probably be seen as safe but entertaining. They have more: this group of early '80s white boys schooled on soul have a genuine commitment which hopefully will see them win through. They work hard around the traps and are fast emerging as a big live drawcard. As long as leader Flierl manages to keep the reins in so that the music retains its pride, power and passion, there's no stopping them.

Incidentally, none of the band members are called Del Webb. Aside from Flierl and Moeller, the others are Glenn Errington, Heinz Stein, and Berrington, Russell Barton, Gerry Barrett and Dan Clements.

— ALLAN WATTS

Skits 'n Frenzy 2

Venue: Brookes Street Theatre, Brisbane

A bit of history: the first Skits'n'Frenzy was produced last year as a zany fast moving blend of satire, music and comedy, working on the concept of the old *Laugh In* where punchline build-up, continuity and common sense were deemed totally irrelevant.

If you missed a crack, too bad; you still got the next. The prime object was to make crowds roar with laughter - which it did admirably.

The TN Theatre Company is one of the leading purveyors of fringe organisations which attempts to transform theatrical comedy from a bourgeois amusement to a deliberately provocative and irreverent form of popular no-nonsense theatre.

The same zany characters of the TNTC's madness of last year are back for this year's. Based on French playwright Moliere's play *A Doctor Who Couldn't Help It*. The plot is about a dumb (as in speechless) girl who mistakenly asks a plumber called Cyril to help in regaining her speech, thinking him a medic.

I say 'loosely' because in all that, there's circus acrobatics including fire-eating, tightrope walking, bike antics, juggling crazy baton wielding cops who also double as performing dogs (a sly statement about anyone who ever tried to express his-/her individuality in a town of grey-suited tyranny and been hassled) singing, playing musical instruments and lots of one-liners.

Even the occasional passage of poor diction and weak singing failed to undermine the play's provocative power or detract from its morality essence.

Like the best of comedy, the show is a complex, ambiguous and often-paradoxical distorted mirror of the western world in the 20th century; the images thrown back now seem even harsher than when the play was first written, but then, times are harsher. And like of the best of comedy, you can come back time and time again and pick up something new.

At a time when Australian comedy is becoming more cooly calculated and vacuous, the players here are genuinely funny people whose lines and antics superbly underline their own versatility. The host of the show was an elegant philanthrophic lady called Nan (Robert Arthur) while performances that stood out were by Big Boss (Ross Daniels) and Cyril (Geoff Cartwright).

— PETER MULHOLLAND

Australian Crawl/The Little Heroes

Venue: Thebarton Theatre, Adelaide

Super Brat stood on the stage and gazed nacistically at the hordes braying on their seats. "We're only here because we want to sell albums."

Those days where people would have laughed off that jibe as an instance of James Reyne's subtle tongue-in-cheek humour are long gone. This night, Reyne looked as though he was suffering badly from the flu. He fumbled around with the microphone and dropped it a few times after the band walked on stage.

But it's now gone deeper than that. Anyone who doubts that being a rock'n'roll frontman can do funny things to your head should have caught Australian Crawl starting off their Oz tour at the Thebarton, two Tuesday nights ago. Blighting an otherwise impressive performance with his own obnoxious brand of cheap populism, Reyne even made the purile look-at-me petulance of Alex Smith and Billy Thorpe seem downright desirable by comparison.

It's obvious that Reyne's going through a severe identity crisis. He hysterically points out that he doesn't want to be a sex symbol pop star but a serious musician, and lamely uses the Australian press as the convenient scapegoat. The pressure must be killing him, what with his statements in *The Record* that he was thinking of leaving the band earlier this year, and I genuinely feel sorry for him.

But he's standing before thousands of people and making a total ass of himself, either making sarcastic comments that left everyone wondering what he was babbling about or making sly digs at the nubile screamers down front.

In fact, at the Palais in Melbourne a few days later, he was even worse. "The Fall are playing down the road — but don't go because they're f---ed" was one gem, "a lot of older people tonight — is it cool to come to the second show" before relating to the source of his archparonia: "anyone who works at *Juke* is a jerk".

To which thousands of people who'd come along to this non-free show to enjoy themselves instead of having to put up with this display of spoilt clodism, yawned and thought, "look who's talking".

Australian Crawl's music works on its own attitudes but ultimately boils down to being geared towards the AM suburban market, through its mainstream trademark, easy accessibility and collection of memorable numbers. This night, it could have been the rustiness of their lengthy lay off from performances or maybe it was Reyne's strange haranguings, but the Crawl didn't start to fire until the end.

But right from the start, they meant business, kicking off uptempo with the concise opposite dual-guitar heroics of Simon Binks and Brad Robinson bouncing off the impeccably filtered rhythm work of Paul Williams and Bill McDonough, relentlessly holding on through "Shut Down", "Tough Boy", "Lakeside", "Grinning Bellhops" and "The Daughters Of The North Coast". Despite the thrust, there was something missing in the first part of the show; it lacked a sparkle. Even the magnificent "Downhearted" seemed perfuntory.

But, bam, somewhere around "Midlife Crisis", as the band pushed forward to outer limits, the seal broke and the energy and spark emerged. Suddenly, the whole concept made sense. The lack of stage effects pinpointed that Crawl were prepared to be assessed purely on their music; and when the elements fell together, their blend of songs from the first, second and current albums simultaneously creating the atmosphere of an "event", evoking past thoughts and forward thinking.

Whether they were actually aware of the change within the audience or the vibes on the stage, the Crawl moved rapidly into first gear. Reyne started to hit the strides and did what he does best when he's not poseuring as some deep heavy: using that distinctive vocal as an instrument, moving with a sense of fun which introduced a warm element and a somewhat endearing nature if you forget the shenanigans earlier in the night.

When Crawl first came through Adelaide some years back Reyne instantly stood out as a charismatic frontman with a relaxed style, who could mock his own persona and yet still retain his audience's trust and admiration for him.

These days crisis robs him of humour; no matter, once he forgets, "Indisposed" and "Things Don't Seem" are marvellous. Guy McDonough was also in fine form, an unlikely looking pop star attacking the lyrics of "Errol" with relish, an entity in his own right.

"Runaway Girl" and "Indisposed" were fine, each instrument moving inexorably forward in its own time and space and blending together in that crunching rhythm towards an immediately identifiable sound.

But the stunner of the night was "The Boys Light Up", the crowds going totally apeshit as

those familiar bells heralded one of Reyne's best compositions, then McDonough's thudding drums as thick as a doorstep sandwich with a filling of harp and caustic guitar gushing out from the edges.

It certainly left the night on a high, as people clamoured towards the stage, screaming for more. Certainly their erratic nature is a healthy indication that Crawl's attitude to performance is not a slick jukebox spinout; and when they do deliver, they can kill.

The Little Heroes certainly made some friends. Although this was their fourth show with new boys, keyboardsplayer Martin Fisher and bassist Peter Leslie, they displayed every intention of developing into a A-1 creative pop band, based around Roger Hart's quirky stage persona and wide-eyed songs. Visually too, they look more like a pop band, rather than a bunch of embarrassed bank tellers and school teachers thrown together.

"Pretty Shadow" from the first album has been revamped, slowed down to an intense calypso feel which is more complementary to the lyrical theme, while among the standouts were "For A Bleeding Heart", and one of Hart's more ambitious efforts, "India Was Calling Me."

Although The Little Heroes are the sort of band that have a wide appeal, they're certainly not bland or offensive: there's a jarring note in the music that gives its tension, which transcends any thought that the music is either pre-calculated for AM radio or even set to any formula.

The medium pacing rollicker "Saturday" was another number that went down well, although expectedly, the biggest applause was saved for "One Perfect Day" and the new single "Young Hearts", which aims straight at the eurosynth market.

The two new players have an aggression and instinctive for the material that bolsters up the songs when they need it and, more often, merely fleshes out the songs to remind us that very few writers around can match Hart for strong tunes and dark images.

— JON FORSYTHE

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The Scientists

Venue: Southern Cross Hotel, Sydney

Tonight's education is all about how to make music (a) loud (b) interesting (c) profitable (d) even louder. The Scientists are grossly loud but they ain't no punk Slade or leather-studded headbanger revivalists.

This is an intense sneering music which makes its own rules, and which nods more towards the direction of the Cramps, Vibrators and Suicide than the usual comparisons you'll be saddled with.

The Scientists have cheap thrills down to something of a fine art. Dumbos, they're not. With a bit of dynamics and subtely (with the stress on "bit of") their approach is to keep it at a pain threshold volume with a relentless keep it-hard-and-simple.

Kim Salmon's the front man: looking every bit the nasty piece of work with an acid tongue directed at audiences that are slow to respond. It was he who led the band out of the Perth punk scene, trying to keep it going through various lineups and watching it break up in early 1980. It was he, along with Boris Sujdovic, who brought the band over to Sydney midway through the year. They played their first East Coast gig on New Year's Eve and over the last eight months have built up a sizeable following around some inner city venues.

Leaving the impetus to precise and hard hitting drummer Rhett Rixon, the band employs a three man aggressive hair-in-the-eyes front line in Salmon, Sujdovic (base) and Tony Thullis (guitar) blitzing in with their constant razzle through "Land That Time Forgot" and "Strangers In The Night" to work over what's left.

The punters love it, and we lift off! A few quick solos here and there for added effect, and you have the effect of the archetypal self destructive rock and roll band. No doubt the name Scientists conjures up images of serious-faced kids blinking through round granny glasses playing humourless synth music. The fact that you're confronted with leather-jacketed guys playing the most intense and apocalyptic rock and roll is enough to jolt you. That in itself is the Scientists trump card!

If Salmon and his cohorts were realistic enough they'd acclaim themselves as begin a real blank generation band because they really have nothing to say. The quirky words are purely ornamental, through of course titles like "Tiger Tiger", " Swampland" and "Modesty(?) In The Back Of The Mind" etc add a helpful touch of exotica.

But no matter. When you see three guitarists crashing down their axes in angry co-ordination, wrenching every possible sound and substance from their squealing instruments, or when Salmon pulls out a mouth harp and glides through a heavy thudding piece of modern R&B on "When Worlds Collide", it's enough to send shivers down your spine.

In an age of precalculated AM orientated music, we need more bands like Scientists around to work our sweat off, to have the music crashing through our brains . . . the way real rock and roll is supposed to be. They've got it all sussed out, all done with a skilful eye for comic book absurdity rather than cynical detachment and all executed with a minimum of fuss and pretention.

What they need is some sort of single to get the message across and the operation will be (for some purposes anyway) be complete.

PETER WALSH

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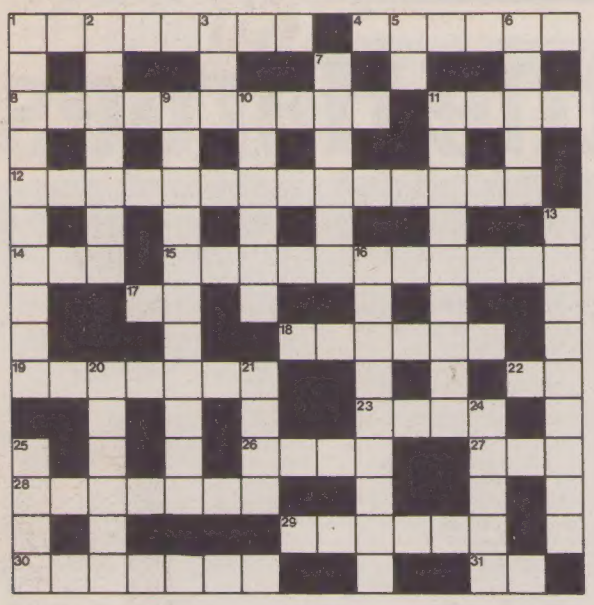
Rockwords



CLUES

ACROSS

1: Birthday Party's new album
4: He has a new single called "Sexuality"
8: New album from Eric Clapton
11: Associates album
12: Jackson Browne hit and new movie
14: "... To Remember"
15: New LP from Alan Parsons Project
17: The Big O (inits)
18: ..., Stills & Nash
19: Had a hit with "Lady Marmalade"
22: She sang "Young Hearts Run Free" (inits)
23: Nashville venue Grand Ol' ...
26: Carole ...
27: Brian ...
28: "Love ... In The Sand"
29: "Crimson And ..."
30: Pop band who had their own television show
31: She's a Daytona demon (inits)

DOWN

1: Their latest album is "Broadsword And The Beast"
2: New single from The Dugites
3: "What Kind Of Fool ..."
5: He's looking for clues (inits)
6: John Ford ...
7: John, Julian or Sean
9: Hit for Bryan Ferry
10: These West Coast birds have disbanded
11: Hit for Earth, Wind & Fire
13: Their first album was "Big Red Rock"
16: George ...
20: Had a hit with "More Than A Feeling"
21: Str of 12 Across was in this band
24: "All those ... Ago"
25: ... Whittle

SOLUTION

ACROSS

1: Junkyard, 4: Prince, 8: Time Pieces, 11: Sulk, 12: Running On Empty, 14: Try, 15: Eye In The Sky, 17: RO, 18: Crosby, 19: Labelle, 22: CS, 23: Opry, 26: King, 27: Eno, 28: Letters, 29: Clover, 30: Monkees, 31: SO.

DOWN

1: Jethro Tull, 2: No Money, 3: Am I, 5: RP, 6: Coley, 7: Lennon, 9: Price Of Love, 10: Eagles, 11: September, 13: Ayers Rock, 16: Thorogood, 20: Boston, 21: Elks, 24: Years, 25: Slim.

Milestones

August 9
1958: Cliff Richard signs with EMI Records.
1980: Charges of inciting a Cincinatti audience to smoke are dropped against David Lee Roth of Van Halen.

August 10
1928: Actor Eddie Fisher is born
1940: Righteous Brother Bobby Hatfield is born in Wisconsin
1947: Jethro Tull's Ian Anderson is born in Scotland

August 11
1938: Producer Lou Reizner is born in Chicago
1942: Manfred Mann's Mike Hugg is born in Hampshire
1949: Eric Carmen is born in Cleveland, Ohio
1980: Jah Wobble leaves Public Image Limited

August 12
1881: Director Cecil B. DeMille is born
1929: Buck Owens is born in Sherman, Texas.
1930: Porter Wagoner is born in Missouri
1954: Actor Sam Jones (Flash Gordon) is born in Illinois
1967: Fleetwood Mac make their first personal appearance at the National Jazz and Blues Festival
1980: Jools Holland leaves Squeeze

August 13
1899: Alfred Hitchcock is born
1909: Joan Blondell is born in New York City
1972: John Lennon/Yoko Ono play a benefit concert in New York
1978: Be Bop Deluxe split up
1980: "Magic" by Olivia Newton-John is No. 1 in America

August 14
1941: David Crosby is born in Los Angeles
1946: Larry Graham is born in Beaumont, Texas
1958: Gladys Presley dies of a heart attack.

August 15
1942: Peter York of the Spencer Davis Group is born
1946: Jimmy Webb is born in Oklahoma

On Stage

Prince's Trust Royal Gala

Venue: Dominion, London

Four weeks of are they/aren't they speculation about who was actually going to play this exclusive charity do didn't apparently help to sell tickets to the glitterati.

The remainder, Lord preserve us, had to be sold to the public at large and a good thing too. Instead of portly executives and self-absorbed 'celebrities', it was peopled mainly by music lovers and that rather than the presence of HRH, is what flavoured the atmosphere.

That, and the fact of having a selection of the very best of British musicians under one roof made it quite a unique occasion.

Madness kicked off with a party version of the national anthem, and weren't all that inspiring. HRH didn't think so either and spent the time peering at the TV monitor, scratching his left ear, and smiling wanly.

Maybe he was trying to remember the carefully rehearsed speech he was going to deliver about the winners of the Trust Fund music competition, Brummie reggae outfit Unity who, despite the fawning adjectives laid at their door, were quite acceptable. Who's to bet that they won't be allowed to slip back into obscurity!

Formalities over, we were refreshed by the all too brief appearance of Joan Armatrading and, you know, it gives me a kick still to see an audience held captive by the basic power of one guitar and the impact of a voice. The hell with techno-rock and electro-pop, gimme emotion in simplicity anytime. 'Love & Emotion' was imbued with more pathos than can ever be reproduced on vinyl.

And from the sublime to ...? Britain's most famous fish-farmer bedecked in tam o'shanter and tights with a bulge that'd put Nureyev to shame?

Jethro Tull of course, and for ten minutes we were transported to the excesses of the Wembley Arena with flash lighting, the whole works and Ian Anderson weaving about the stage like a drunken morris dancer. Maybe he imagined he was dodging snipers. I heard he'd arrived early afternoon to personally check out the stage for suspect devices although the grotesqueries of the previous day had us all covertly looking under our seats.

Phil Collins was guesting in the percussion hotseat which he

• MADNESS

then vacated to render a disappointingly dull version of 'In The Air Tonight'. We were then 'entertained' by the Masai Dance Company, muscular black guys in shorts with an embarassingly unco-ordinated routine — an obvious filler.

But the climax was worth the wait. To see Townshend, Ure, Karn, Collins, Brooker, Plant and Bush onstage at once was third degree culture shock! Everyone did their party piece, the highlights being a superbly textured version of 'No Regrets' with Townshend adding backing vocals, a nostalgic blast from Brooker et al with 'White Shade of Pale' and an intriguingly poignant song from Townshend seeing him forsake guitar for piano. Shamefully, I've no idea of its origins but I intend to find them out.

Kate Bush made a bri... well received appearance, especially well received when her straps broke and she had to make a sidestage exit clutching modestly to her bosom! And then Robert Plant joined the party, and disorientation gave way to sheer disbelief!

I mean, see Mick Karn shuffling little pirouettes around Robert Plant and Pete Townshend does little to imbue you with a great sense of reality!

The grand finale was a grossly top-heavy version of 'Gonna Take You Higher' with Masai Dancers and pelvic thrusts in wild abundance. Even HRH seemed to be in the groove! And the evening wasn't even marred by Kid Jensen's cloying attempt at being MC.

— HELEN FITZGERALD

• JOAN ARMATRADING

• KATE BUSH

• JETHRO TULL

The Agents

Venue: Trade Union Club, Sydney

Whether you dress it up in new-synth clothes or keep it as is, the Agents chief songwriter James Griffin writes superb power pop songs. The synthesisers are used to augment the moods created in the lyrical messages, and Griffin himself works out little pantomines onstage.

They start off with "Always Something About You", a moody piece that develops into a Simple Minds wavy-riff attack, the strong melody accentuated by an inventive drummer and inventive bass. Popsynth is the sort of music where art-holes congregate to make a music that's flowery, yet vacuous. The Agents have managed to sidestep this by ensuring the music never becomes dehumanised: they are, after all, a *pop* band.

A feature about Agents music is its character; it's not specially happy because Griffin's lyrics are concerned with sociopolitical themes like army life, city alienation, all worked in within an immediately identifiable Australian manner. Yet the Agents music makes me feel happy because it's so good: it's conceited enough to be ambitious and original (certainly a change from all these po-faced nurds who derive so much from the British bands they plunder that they're not even different) and majestic because on certain levels, it does succeed.

"The Young Man And The Army" is another pop orientated piece featuring interplay between guitar and vocals, a concept extended to include synthesiser on "How Does It Feel". While Griffin's lyrics on "The Manhattan Project" and "Song About Brisbane" have aroused interest in his minor poet status, the band stands alone in its tight musicianship and instrumental interplay as they plough through "A Perfect Place" and "Foxes Are Running" to a crowd that immediately felt attracted to an unpretentious yet ambitious popsynth band.

— PETER WALSH

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Feedback

SIR:

I refer to the Juke issue 375 - album write-up about the new Blondie album *The Hunter*.

I think Betty Page would be shipped off the "Island of lost taste in good contemporary music".

Asks Betty: "Whatever happened to those crisp, electrifying five minute pop charmers?" Well, they are still here - it's just hard to hear them with your head blasted with hits from the past, eg "Call Me", "Heart Of Glass", "Atomic"....). Yes Betty, turn on *The Hunter* and you'll hear the pop charmers of today! All good things must change, and Blondie are no exception, and they've changed for the better.

"Dragonfly" is a deliberately long song and allows one to happily chant along, not a "tiresome..flimsy idea...that drags". And to put in the boots, I say ten out of ten to Debbie Harry's "The Beast" - she's successfully written a great rap about her life, with an inventive interpretation of herself as "the beast".

Of course, I could go on, but there's no room in the magazine - it's full of stupid album reviewers who can fantastic albums!

- ANDERS SUMNER,
- MT. PLEASANT, W.A.

SIR:

Hi, does anybody know where I can get an import of the record Sherbs have just released in the U.S.? As I really must have it to keep my up to date collection up to date.

And does anybody know where I can get Sherbs T-shirts or sweatshirts? Guys, I know it really isn't your thing any more but we really do need a fan club for this sort of thing. There is still plenty of us out here who think you are the best things on earth.

Thanks Juke for your support towards Sherbs. Hope to see more articles soon. Please somebody write to me and give me answers to my questions.

- Mrs. Annette Walsh,
- 18 Paiona Street,
- Marayong, N.S.W. 2148

SIR:

After reading the letter from "A Tasty Big Mac Fan" I laughed because if Fleetwood Mac represent all that's bad about the West Coast sound so must the Eagles because the two have always been classed together and if anyone ever thinks of West Coast sound most naturally think of the Mac and the Eagles.

Plus, what you also said about Stevie Nicks, I am sure that those excellent and established musicians and producer Jim Iovine would have bothered to work on an album with Stevie if they didn't think it would do well. And most likely, many Stevie Nicks fans would not know who most of the musicians and Jim Iovine were anyway.

- FLEETWOOD MAC FAN,
- ASHLEY IOVINE

SIR:

You'll probably be getting a few letters regarding a letter by a "Moved Picture Fan." What does he/she or it think they're doing? I'll tell you - compiling a load of bullshit!

I'm not Moving Pictures number one fan but I believe in what they're doing, and so do many others. Just look at their chart success, their sold out gigs. They must be doing something right.

Alex Smith is no rip-off (and I'm not saying that Jimmy Barnes is but how dare anyone knock another's looks. I'm no great gift but I can assure you that in the case of Alex Smith you are looking at a human on the stage who puts everything into his performance.

All I can say is that whoever wrote the letter does nothing but make an idiot of themselves by constantly criticising. I don't know why they bothered to pick up a pen. All bands, no matter how well known or from whatever country, deserve a fair go.

- ARLENE

SIR:

Well, I buy your mag every week plus whatever other music mags there are just to see what's going around. I find Juke very informative and well laid out, plenty of good pics and articles, but there is so much back stabbing from your readers and you. Why? Can't people say positive things. People who live in this world are most unoriginal creatures. Our mind, which is the director of our intelligence, receives thoughts plus transmits them, they go in but they're not the same when they leave. If you attune yourself you can receive positive inspiration from those of like mentality to yourself.

All inspiration, all wisdom, all truth, all knowledge is dependent upon our capacity to receive. I've seen a lot of good Australian bands in the last couple of weeks and enjoyed each one respectively. Matt Taylor and Phil Manning, Swanee, The Angels, Cold Chisel, Sunnyboys and Australian Crawl. We are all on earth to build our character and the way we face our problems makes our character and I think musos have to face a lot and if they can come up with great shows and great albums (I'd like to congratulate Aust. Crawl on their new album *Sons Of Beoches*.I haven't stopped playing it. I love it.). And as for a Moved Picture fan who thinks Alex could be a rat shows that she doesn't have much faith in the human race, or rats. I love them and think they're doing a great job of being Moving Pictures.

I wish all my best to all the best.

LOUISE,
TATHRA, N.S.W.

SIR:

I really wonder what the world is coming to, at least the record buying part of the world. I mean to say, people are buying crap like Bucks Fizz, The Nolans and others and yet Elton John puts out a brilliant classic single in "Empty Garden" and it doesn't even rate in the Top 20.

I mean to say, I will agree the Elton John of today is no Elton John of yesteryear musically and never will be until Elton and Bernie get together to put both heart and soul into their music. Yet this song is a John-/Taupin classic of old. Lyrically it has Taupin's typical deep down meaning and Elton has really put the Steinways to the test to produce some of his best music since "Song for Guy". And the feeling is there, that feeling felt in early John-/Taupin collaborations. So come on, you lot out there, this is a John/Taupin classic reminiscent of old so let's support our pommy lad.

- ZOWIE
- TASMANIA

SIR:

I am writing to ask if Chris Bailey of The Angels has quit the band forever or only temporarily until his eye gets better. I hope he hasn't because he is a very talented bass player and belongs with The Angels. I think The Angels are one of the best Australian bands. Get better soon, Chris.

-ANGELS FOREVER

• He's quit permanently.

SIR

How dare your paper criticise Australian Crawl and especially James Reyne as they (sic) did in *Barbed Wires* last issue.

To start off with I listened to the interview on the Melbourne radio station and it was not James Reyne who said your paper was trashy but another member of the band. He said it as a joke after the radio announcer told them it was your paper that had begun the confusion of their album title. Can't you take a joke?

As for saying their forthcoming album is a piece of vinyl trivia that is totally unfair and also ridiculous. Their new single 'Shut Down' is an excellent song and not in the least boring. It is different from their other single but at least their music unlike some other bands is full of variety. Australian Crawl are one of the best and most popular bands in this country as you only need to look at record sales of their two brilliant albums, *'The Boys Light Up'* and *'Sirocco'* to prove that and no doubt *'Sons of Beaches'* will do just as well if not better.

So leave Aussie Crawl alone, and I think you should apologise to James Reyne for those comments about him when your facts were not correct. I think a feature should be done on them to make up the mistake.

Aussie Crawl and James Reyne fan forever.

SIR:

Just to set readers straight, the Musicians Union has done just about "bugger all" towards the advancement of modern music, and is now trying to stunt its growth.

Referring to Ross Cartwright's letter in last week's issue, electronic instruments, such as drum machines etc. can only help music, not hinder it as he suggests. Musicians have the greatest control over machines, because no computer can teach you style, or taste or judgment. The sound achieved comes from the person, or people, operating.

The MU is totally out of touch with what's going on. I don't know about Australia, but in England the majority of people in the Musicians Union are either in Symphony Orchestras or they're studio musicians, 'cos they walk into meetings with their flute cases in one hand and their briefcase in the other. They've got no idea about modern music.

There is room for both machine orientated bands and traditional rock bands, but there's no room for people like Ross Cartwright, who cannot come to grips with the reality of progress in the music world.

MARGARET JEPHSON
SPRINGVALE N, VIC

SIR:

As a novice guitarist myself it's been wonderful to see those great stories on guitar heroes in your paper. No matter what people think of that concept, the truth of the matter is that aspiring musicians will always look up to the top players. The last issue itself had great stories on Phil Manning and Eric Clapton - both out of the spotlight but still excellent players.

On a personal note, I was also pleased to see Kelly from Heaven get a nod of approval in the Guide To Hard Rock Guitarists - it's taken people some time to realise that the man is far better than Borich, and hasn't sold out to commerciality. I saw Heaven at the Stardust Hotel some weeks ago and went up to Kelly after the gig and introduced myself, and he was just so helpful and courteous about my many questions. All the best of luck when you and the band head overseas.

Let's hope you have an update of guitar heroes in the near future - and thanks for all the heavy rock articles.

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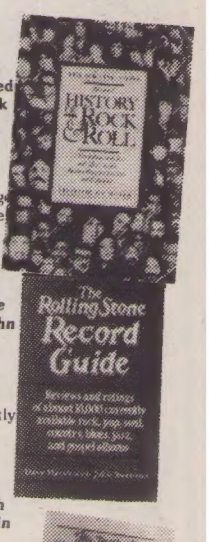

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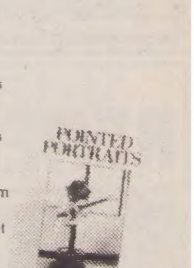

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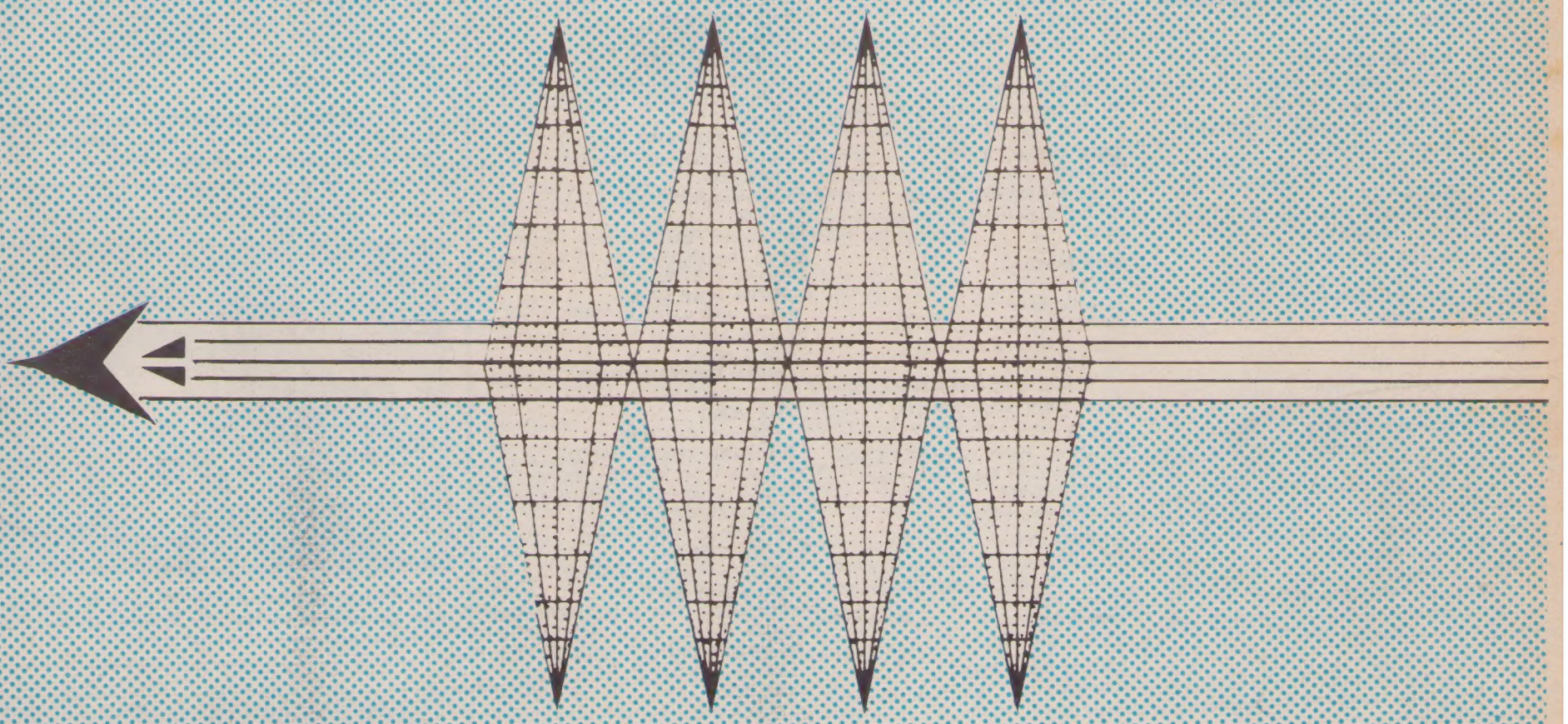

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